

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



No. 591.—VOL. XXI.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1852.

[Two Numbers, 1s.]

## The Great Funeral Procession of The Duke of Wellington.

We beg to inform our Subscribers and Readers that it is quite impossible to publish all our Engravings of the Procession of the Funeral with this week's Illustrated London News. On Saturday next, November 27th, we shall, besides issuing the Engravings enumerated in another page, present Gratis a Large Engraving of the Procession on its way from the Horse Guards to St. Paul's; and on Saturday, December 4th, another Large Engraving, Gratis, of the Interior of St. Paul's, and the Funeral Ceremony. These Engravings will be executed in the best possible manner, and will, we trust, be found worthy of preservation as a permanent remembrance of the Lamented Hero.

198, Strand, November 19th, 1852.

### THE DUKE'S FUNERAL.

THE grave has closed over the mortal remains of the greatest man of our age, and one of the purest-minded men recorded in history. Wellington and Nelson sleep side by side under the dome of St. Paul's, and the national mausoleum of our isles has received the most illustrious of its dead. With a pomp and circumstance, a fervour of popular respect, a solemnity and a grandeur never before seen in our time, and, in all probability, never to be surpassed in the obsequies of any other hero hereafter to be born to become the benefactor of this country, the sacred relics of Arthur Duke of Wellington have been deposited in the place long since set apart for them by the unanimous decision of his countrymen. All that ingenuity could suggest in the funeral trappings, all that imagination and fancy could devise to surround the ceremonial with the accessories that most forcibly impress the minds of a multitude, all the grace that Royalty could lend, all the aid that the State could afford in every one of its great departments, all the imposing circumstances derivable from the assemblage of great masses of men arrayed with military splendour and in military mourning, together with the less dramatic but even more affecting grief expressed by the sober trappings of respectful and sympathetic crowds, all the dignity that could be conferred by the presence of the civil and legislative power of a great and ancient kingdom; and, lastly, all the sanctity and awe inspired by the grandest of religious services performed in the grandest Protestant temple in the world, were combined to render the scene, inside and outside of St. Paul's Cathedral on Thursday last, the most memorable in our annals. Nor in the popular estimation were these, great and imposing as they were, the only circumstances that invested the funeral of the great Duke with extraordinary interest. To the mind of the people, and to the superstition of thousands who would be loth to confess, although they would find it impossible to deny, the hold of such feelings upon their imagination, "the signs and the portents of nature" were added to the commemorative deeds of men, to render the last scene in the history of the hero more awe-inspiring than it might otherwise have been.

Amid the rise, and perhaps the fall, of empires, amid "fear of change perplexing the nations," amid earthquake and flood, a trembling earth and a weeping sky, Wellington was conveyed from his lonely chamber at Walmer to the more splendid halting-place of Chelsea, and from thence to his grave, in the heart of London. To the popular apprehension—felt, if not expressed—it seemed as if the great funeral of that great man were only to be fitly celebrated amid mystic voices predicting—

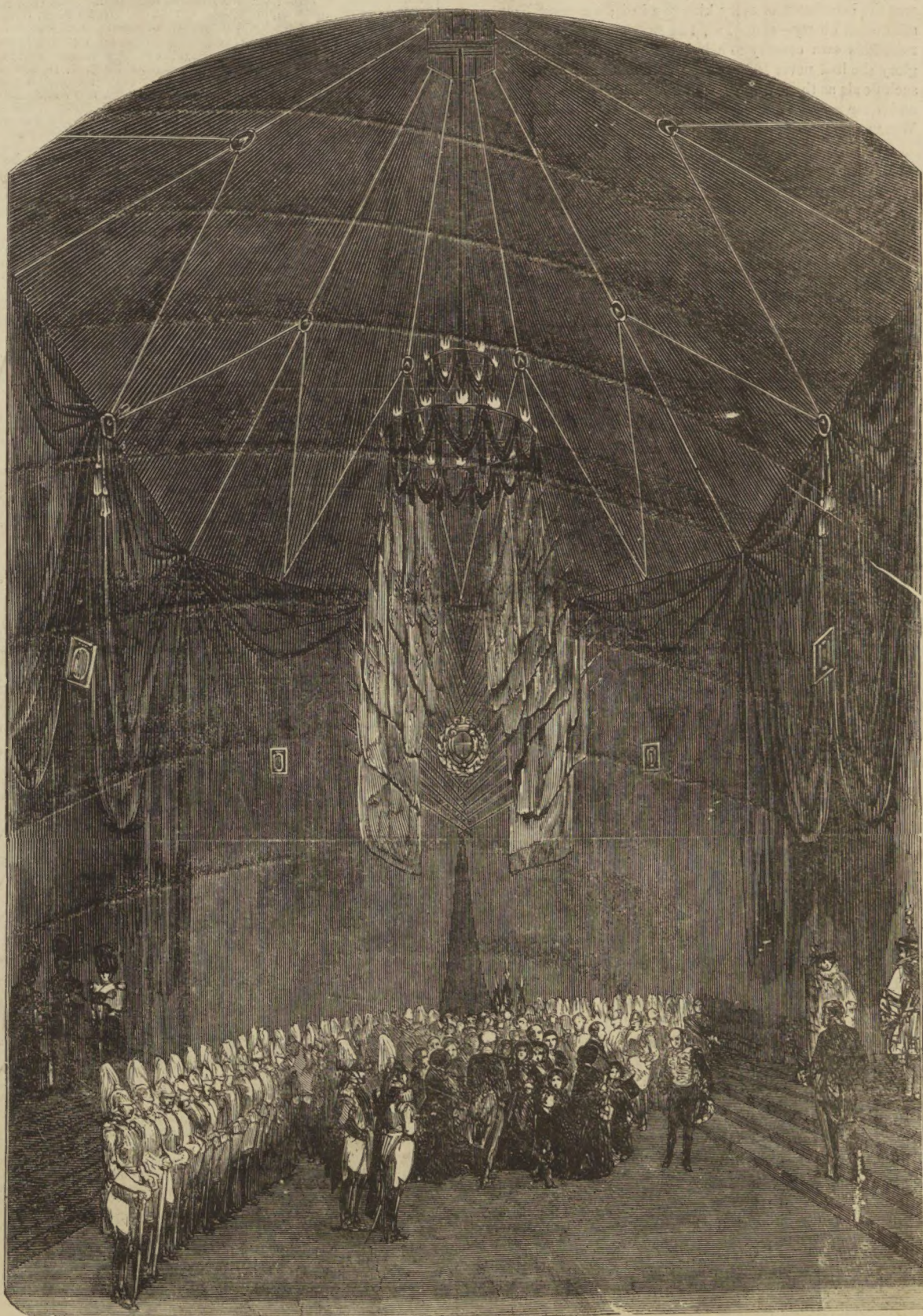
A time of conflict fierce and trouble strange,  
When Old and New, over a dark abyss,  
Fight the great battle of relentless change;

and when the very elements seemed to sympathise with the feelings of living men at the loss of one so mighty as he had been in his day and generation.

But the hero is entombed, and the voice of his contemporaries has spoken his apotheosis. Every incident in his long and honourable life has been sought for and recorded. His youth, his maturity, and his age have had their careful and admiring annalists; and his public and his private, his military and his civil career, his deeds as a soldier and a statesman have severally and

collectively been trumpeted to all the winds of heaven by a fame as extraordinary as it was well-merited and universal. Every trait in his simple, direct, and manly character has found its chronicler. The stores of his wisdom have been arranged and classified into apothegms, brilliant as epigrams, and many of them as immortal as his victories. Literature and art, the senate and the forum, the newspaper and the pulpit, have all vied with each other in illustrating his career, or in expressing their heartfelt eulogia upon his character and his services. It would seem as if

praise had been exhausted, and that nothing more remained to be done or said about the Great Duke. The journalist, who is always expected to say something new, can in this case but repeat the old. He cannot lead, but he must follow, that unanimous public opinion which exists around him. To say that the illustrious individual whose loss we deplore was brave, honest, and wise, is but to reiterate what every private person capable of forming an opinion has been thinking or promulgating for weeks and months. To say that he had sagacity to discover his duty,



THE LYING IN STATE AT CHELSEA HOSPITAL.—THE VESTIBULE.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)



honesty never to swerve from it, and energy to accomplish it, is but to utter a truism familiar not only to Englishmen, but to all Europe. Yet the moral of that brilliant life cannot be too often or too forcibly repeated. In this respect, what a contrast is offered by his history to that of the mighty rival whom he so happily overthrew. Napoleon Bonaparte was false to liberty, a traitor and breaker of his word, a selfish despot, false to his own heart's affection, false to his early principles, false to his country, and false to the Sovereigns and statesmen who trusted in his honour. There was scarcely a particle of truth at the basis of his character—his god was himself—and he fell accordingly.

Though specious tyranny be strong,  
Humanity is true,  
And Empire based upon a wrong  
Is rotten through and through.

But to every principle to which Bonaparte was false, Wellington was true. The British hero was utterly unselfish, his word was truth itself, his guiding star was public duty, his cause was that of freedom and humanity, and his successes were as brilliant and beneficent as the final defeat of his great antagonist was signal and calamitous. Wellington never fought for glory; but he acquired it in a degree compared to which that of Bonaparte is but a pale and uncertain glimmer to a noon-day blaze. And what is equally true of the man who never used the word glory in his immortal Despatches, he never courted popularity; and yet he acquired it. There never was a popularity in England that could be compared to his. Napoleon was, if we may borrow the expressive language of Philip Massinger, in the old and neglected play of "The Great Duke of Florence"—

An undeserving man, set off  
With all the trim of greatness, state, and power.  
The thing was but a comet, no true star;  
And, what was dreadful, proved ridiculous.

But Wellington, in the language of the same writer, continued in the same passage—

Was not so;  
He being such pure tried gold, that any stamp  
Of grace to make him current to the world,  
The King was pleased to give him, did add honour  
To the great bestower.

The Hero sleeps well. Time shall but increase his glory. May we never miss in a future day the guiding hand and the clear judgment of him who gave nearly forty years' peace to Europe, who was the benefactor of every kingdom in it; who gave France constitutional liberty—since lost, but sure to be regained; and who raised his own country to a height of power, influence, and true glory she had never before reached. No Caesar ever approached such deeds as these; and all Greek and Roman fame are but small and mean compared with the pure fame of the GREAT DUKE OF WELLINGTON!

#### THE DUKE'S FUNERAL.

##### THE LYING IN STATE AT CHELSEA HOSPITAL—THE VESTIBULE.

In the Number published with the present Sheet we have illustrated and minutely described the grand spectacle of the Duke's remains lying in state in the Hall of Chelsea Hospital; and upon the preceding page have engraved a portion of the arrangements which is considered to have been equally successful with the more gorgeous scene in the Hall. Such is the Vestibule, which has two entrances, north from the garden, and south from the centre court; the interior is octagonal; and has a dome, the centre of which opens into the lantern. An ascent of ten steps on the west side leads to the door of the Great Hall, while a similar flight on the east side leads to the chapel. Entering on the north side, the visitor passed through a spacious corridor, constructed for the purpose, hung with black, and dimly lighted by a chandelier ornamented with plumes. The arrangements of this vestibule are executed in the simplest and most severe style, escutcheons being placed in the centre of each side wall; and that immediately facing the approach bearing a large and very effective trophy of thirty banners, surmounted by the Royal standard. The worn, faded, and tattered appearance of these flags, seen through the gloom, has a singularly striking appearance; and the interest which they excite increases, when, upon a closer inspection you can trace upon the once flaunting banners such inscriptions as "Republique Française, que la Liberté ou la Mort." In the centre of this trophy are the Royal arms, encircled with a wreath of laurel. The fitting up of the vestibule was designed to give a national and patriotic turn to the thoughts of visitors, and to awaken in their minds recollections of our military glories. Beyond the simple escutcheons on the walls, and the black draperies descending from the elevated lantern-shaped roof, there is nothing to suggest the name of Wellington; and, though some of the flags won in his battles are included in the trophy alluded to, they are placed without any distinction, along with others, under the common shelter of the national banner which crowns them.

Further details of the Lying in State will be found at pages 428 and 457.

#### THE SURVIVING WATERLOO OFFICERS.

Now that the chief of that compact band that fought and bled on the field of Waterloo has been consigned to the tomb, a list of the survivors of that glorious battle may be interesting. The compilation and arrangement has been made from all the available authentic sources, and is minutely accurate.

**FIELD-MARSHAL.**—The Marquis of Anglesey, K.G., G.C.B., and G.C.H., Colonel of the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards.

**GENERALS.**—The Right Hon. Sir James Kempt, G.C.B., and G.C.H., Colonel of the 1st Foot; the Earl of Strathford, G.C.B. and G.C.H., Colonel of the Coldstream Regiment Foot Guards; Sir Peregrine Maitland, K.C.B., Colonel of the 17th Foot; Sir Colin Halket, G.C.B. and G.C.H., Colonel of the 43rd Foot, and Governor of Chelsea Hospital; the Right Hon. Sir Frederick Adam, G.C.B., and G.C.M.G., Colonel of the 21st Foot; Sir Edward Kernehan, G.C.B., and G.C.H., Colonel of the 14th Dragoons; Sir Andrew F. Balfour, G.C.B., and G.C.H., Colonel of the Rifle Brigade, and Lieutenant-Governor of Chelsea Hospital.

**LIEUTENANT-GENERALS.**—Lord Seaton, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., and G.C.H., Colonel of the 26th Foot; Sir Alexander Woodford, K.C.B. and G.C.M.G., Colonel of the 40th Foot; Lord Raglan, G.C.B., Colonel of the 53d Foot, and Master-General of the Ordnance; Sir James Macdonnell, K.C.B., K.C.H., Colonel of the 71st Foot; Sir James W. Leigh, C.B., Colonel of the 9th Dragoons; Sir Arthur B. Clifton, K.C.B. and K.C.H., Colonel of the 1st Dragoons; the Earl of Cathcart, K.C.B., Colonel of the 1st Dragoon Guards; Viscount Hardinge, G.C.B., Colonel of the 57th Foot, and General Commanding-in-Chief; the Hon. E. P. Lygon, C.B., Colonel of the 13th Dragoons; J. M. Hamerton, C.B., Colonel of the 55th Foot; Sir George H. F. Berkeley, K.C.B., Colonel of the 35th Foot; Sir George Scovell, K.C.B., Colonel of the 4th Dragoons, and Governor of the Royal Military College; Sir Neil Douglas, K.C.B. and K.C.H., Colonel of the 75th Foot; Lord Saltoun, K.T., K.C.B. and G.C.H., Colonel of the 2d Foot; Henry Wyndham, Colonel of the 11th Hussars; Sir Edward Bowater, K.C.H., Colonel of the 49th Foot; Sir William M. Gomm, K.C.B., Colonel of the 13th Foot, Commanding-in-Chief in the East Indies; H. D'Oyley, Colonel of the 33d Foot, the Hon. Henry Murray, C.B., Colonel of the 7th Dragoon Guards; Thomas Dalmer, C.B., Colonel of the 47th; Sir Hugh D. Ross, K.C.B., Deputy Adjutant-General Royal Artillery; J. W. Smith, C.B., Royal Artillery, Douglas Mercer, C.B., Colonel of the 68th; John Reeve; Sir Robert W. Gardiner, K.C.B., K.C.H., Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Gibraltar.

**MAJOR-GENERALS.**—Sir Henry W. Rooke, C.B. and K.C.H.; Sir John G. Woodford, K.C.B., K.C.H.; Archibald Murray, C.B., K.C., Colonel 2d Dragoons; E. Parkinson, C.B.; R. Linsell, C.B.; P. A. Sautour, C.B., K.H.; R. Eageron,

C.B.; Sir W. Chalmers, C.B., K.C.H.; C. Beckwith, C.B.; J. C. Bouchier, K.C., Colonel 3d Dragoon Guards; T. W. Taylor, C.B., Lieutenant-Governor of the Royal Military College; L. Arguimbau, C.B.; Sir Harry G. Smith, Bart., G.C.B., Colonel Rifle Brigade; F. Calvert, C.B.; H. Staveley, C.B.; Sir De Lacy Evans, K.C.B.; W. L. Darling; Sir J. Thackwell, G.C.B. and K.H., Colonel 16th Lancers; A. Macdonald, C.B., from R.A.; Lord James Hay; W. Rowan, C.B.; J. S. Kennedy, C.B.; Lord Sandys; Sir G. Bowles, Lieutenant of the Tower; T. W. Robbins, R. Macneil, from 78th; Hon. C. Gore, C.B. and K.H.; W. L. Walton; M. Fane; Sir J. M. Wallace, K.H.; W. G. Moore; Sir H. Lloyd, Bart.; H. Somerset, C.B., K.H.; I. Simpson, Lieutenant-Governor of Portsmouth; J. F. Love, C.B. and K.H., Lieutenant-Governor of Jersey; Hon. G. Anson; C.A.F. Bentinck; Lord Hotham; Sir W. A. Clayton, Bart.; Hon. G. Cathcart, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Cape of Good Hope; J. Jackson, K.H.; E. P. Buckley; E. Byam; C. Yorke; B. Drummond.

**COLONELS.**—Hon. A. Abercromby, C.B.; Sir R. C. Hill, C.B.; H. Dawkins, F. Dalmer, F. Brown, C.B., Barrack Master at Malta; M. Calders, C.B.; C. Allix, W. Drummond, T. Wildman, Hon. H. Hutchinson, E. Keane, H. Lane, H. Madox, F. Le Blanc, G. W. Horton, J. B. Riddlesden, J. C. Chatterton, K.H.; J. Vandeleur, C. F. Lascelles, R. Wallace, K.H.; T. Reed, C.B., Aide-de-Camp to the Queen; A. K. Clark Kennedy, C.B., K.H., Aide-de-Camp to the Queen; E. C. Whingates, C.B. and K.H.; T. Hutcheson, J. Oldfield, K.H., Aide-de-Camp to the Queen; T. Dynley, C.B.; L. Boldero, E. Bouverie, Lieut.-Colonel, Commanding Royal Horse Guards; A. C. Mercer, J. Linton, W. Fraser, J. Campbell, K.H.; Lord Rokeby, Major Scots Fusilier Guards; W. Beckwith, K.H.; A. T. Maclean, G. Gawler, K.H.; T. Marlen, K.H., Lieut.-Colonel Commanding 1st Dragoons; E. Monna, G. Baker, T. G. Browne, W. Tarnon, C. C. Dancy, C.B.; C. Diggle, K.H.; W. Brereton, C.B. and K.H.; G. Macdonald, J. Cox, K.H.; W. H. Elliot, K.H., Lieut.-Colonel Commanding 51st Foot; W. Curwright, A. Gora, T. R. Swinburne, G. Whicheote, J. A. Butler, J. Campbell, F. Macbean, O. Felix, Quartermaster-General in East Indies; W. Bell.

**LIEUTENANT-COLONELS.**—R. H. Cooke, C.B.; H. Halket, C.B., G.C.H.; Sir J. Hartmann, K.C.B., K.C.H.; G. Muttibury, C.B.; G. Wilkins, C.B., K.H.; F. V. Miller, C.B.; J. Leach, C.B.; G. D. Wilson, C.B.; Hon. G. L. D. Damer, C.B.; Hon. R. Moore, F. Fuller, C.B.; R. Macdonald, C.B.; R. Howard, J. M. Hasty, K.H.; J. Wildman, A. Goldsmith, C. R. Bowers, F. Towers, W. Nepean, A. H. Trevor, K.H. 59th, the Earl of Altemarie, W. Burney, K.H.; J. Leslie, J. R. Rotton, J. Clark, K.H.; W. H. Stopford Blair, R. Westmore, M. Louis, R.A.; R. Law, K.H., Royal Newfoundland Company; R. Hardinge, K.H., R.A.; H. K. Blomfield, 11th Foot; M. A. Waters, R.E.; P. Sandilands, R. S. Strangeways, R.A.; J. Stoyte, 17th Regiment; J. Henderson, K.H.; J. K. Ross, K.H.; J. Fitzmaurice, K.H.; W. C. Anderson, R.A.; F. Ward, R.A.; W. B. Ingby, R.A.; T. O. Cator, R.A.; R. Hughes, 1st W.I.R.; T. C. Smith, J. Bloomfield, R.A.; J. A. Wilson, R.A.; R. G. B. Wilson, R.A.; B. Cuppage, R.A.; R. B. Burnaby, R.A.; F. Mainwaring, W. H. Henulis, J. Enoch, Assistant Quartermaster-General; W. Long, J. Birtwhistle, J. L. Black, S. Waymouth, E. Gibson, L. M. Cooper, G. F. Paschal, O. D. Ainsworth, Sir W. Verner, Baronet.

**MAJORS.**—P. H. F. Meyer, C. F. Sandham, Sir T. Wheeler, Baronet; R. Handcock, B. P. Browne, J. M. Wood, C. Hill, W. Montague, A. R. L'Estrange, 71st Regiment; E. Trevor, S. Prior, J. Impett, Captain 25th; M. S. H. Lloyd, Staff Captain at Chatham; T. Deacon, Captain 25th Regiment; W. H. Phipps.

**CAPTAINS.**—G. M. Baynes, (R.A.), T. Biddulph (6th Dragoons), S. Black, R. Blackin, G. W. Blathwayt, A. Bienenhassett, T. Brander (59th Foot), T. Brown (79th Foot), S. W. Burgess (6th West India Regiment), Donald Chisholm (4th Veteran Battalion), P. Clarke, Sir Wm. H. Clarke, Bart., Robert Cochrane (Rifle Brigade), J. R. Colthurst, David Cooper, D. Davies, Richard Downe, N. F. Dromgool (35th Foot), J. H. Drough (53d Foot), C. Eaton (10th Foot), D. J. Edwards (R.A.), R. C. Elliott, W. Elliott (11th Foot), H. Foster (R.A.), J. Griffith (1st West India Regiment), W. Harris, H. Harrison (5th Foot), H. Heavside, H. Hill, W. Hanabey (Rifle Brigade), W. James (Scots Fusilier Guards), T. R. Kelly, E. Langton (52d Foot), J. Leatham (York Carbineers), W. Lemone (R.A.), E. Maroon (79th Foot), R. T. Master (Grenadier Guards), J. E. Mannell (R.A.), J. Molloy, J. S. Moore (24th Dragoons), R. Nisbet (20th Dragoons), A. Ormsby, G. H. Packe (21st Dragoons), W. Packenham (R.A.), S. Parker (Rifle Brigade), B. Pigot (69th Foot), W. Pitman, W. H. Poole (R.A.), J. W. Pringle (Royal Engineers), W. Rainforth, T. Ramsay (14th Foot), G. Randall, J. A. Ridgway, G. Sraher (18th Dragoons), D. Stewart, J. C. Webster.

**LIEUTENANTS.**—J. Alston (1st Foot), W. Bain (33rd Foot), C. L. Best (German Legion), J. Boase (9th Foot), H. Buldero (27th Foot), J. Bramwell (52nd Foot), C. S. Breary, J. F. Breton (R.A.), A. A. Brice (56th Foot), G. D. Bridge (73d Foot), E. Browe (91st Foot), Hon. W. Browne (52nd Foot), J. Burnet (52d Foot), W. Butler (Scots F.G.), T. Campbell (40th Foot), W. Chapman (Rifle Brigade), B. M. Collins (6th W.I.R.), J. Coote (10th Vet. Batt.), P. Cottingham (52nd Foot), C. T. Cox (71st Foot), A. S. Crauford (67th Foot), R. Daniell (59th Foot), W. Dawson (German Legion), C. L. Dixon, S. Drake (28th Foot), G. D. Drummond (3rd Vet. Batt.), H. Dunncliffe (R.A.), M. Evans (R.A.), A. S. Fraser, A. Gardner (27th Foot), E. Gilborne (71st Foot), T. Gledinning (60th Foot), H. Glynn (49th Foot), G. D. Grime (German Legion), R. Grier (44th Foot), M. Griffin (Staff Company), W. Hackett (1st Veteran Battalion), W. Haggup, J. Hamilton (German Legion), H. Hardman (10th Dragoons), G. H. Heame (4th Foot), H. H-mley (28th Foot), E. Hodder (69th Foot), C. Holman (52d Foot), J. Hood (9th Vet. Batt.), A. Innes, J. Johnson (40th Foot), R. Jones (40th Foot), E. Jordan (26th Foot), J. E. Irving (13th Dragoons), E. C. H. Isaacson (Garrison Batt.), F. Kennedy (51st Foot), R. Kerr (60th Foot), E. B. Lloyd (16th Dragoons), P. Lockwood (30th Foot), W. Lonsdale (4th Foot), J. Lucas (32d Foot), A. M. Pherson (2d Foot), J. Macdonald (51st Foot), S. Macdonald (German Legion), J. T. Machell (18th Dragoons), J. P. Matthews (16th Foot), W. M. D. Matthews (52d Foot), J. F. de Meuron (German Legion), T. F. Middleton (1st Drag. Guards), A. Moffat (71st Foot), C. G. Moller (14th Dragoons), C. Moorhead (71st Foot), G. Mure (Gren. Guards), J. Nicholson (14th Foot), W. K. Nixon (52d Foot), P. O'Hara (59th Foot), F. Van Omslow (R.A.), J. Orr (6th V.B.), S. A. Pagan (55th Foot), R. Parkinson (Wagon Train), J. Parry (28th Foot), H. W. Patre (18th Dragoons), E. Philpot (R.A.), W. Polhill (23d Dragoons), T. Reid (R.A.), T. M. Reynolds (12th Foot), J. Roberts (R.A.), J. Robertson (79th Foot), J. Robinson (50th Foot), R. N. Rogers, E. Ross (2d Foot), T. Ross-Lewin (32d Foot), R. J. Saunders (R.A.), J. S. Sedley (Staff Comp.), C. Seward (69th Foot), W. Sharpin (R.A.), A. Smith (42d Foot), J. K. Smith (30th Foot), W. Smith (71st Foot), G. Stainforth (23d Foot), R. Sells (10th Foot), R. T. Stuart (28th Foot), H. W. Thompson (74th Foot), D. Tighe (Gren. Guards), J. Townsend (R.A.), C. Tudor (23d Dragoons), A. Watson (24th Foot), H. Wilkinson (40th Foot), E. Wood (11th Dragoons), H. B. Wray (40th Foot), W. Wright (Rifle Brigade), W. C. Yonge (17th Foot).

**SECOND LIEUTENANTS, CORNETS, AND ENSIGNS.**—A. Camming (12d Foot), T. Handcock (27th Foot), T. E. Hoiland (32d Foot), Josh. Jagger (R.A.), Collin Macdonald (50th Foot), W. S. Smith (72d Foot), J. Talbot (2d Dragoon Guards).

**PATMASTERS.**—Wm. Crawford (2d Dragoons), Wm. Dean (25th Foot), W. Deane (18th Dragoons), Jas. Gordon (92d Foot), Hy. Hilliard (63th Foot), J. Knight (German Legion), Hugh Mackenzie (71st Foot), J. Moore (32d Foot), P. V. Robinson (88th Foot), F. Teigue (German Legion), J. C. Thomson (1st Foot), Jas. Williams (44th Foot).

**ADJUTANTS.**—James Hope (Recruiting District).

**QUARTERMASTERS.**—Isaac Bagshaw (84th Foot), J. Brannan (60th Foot), J. Collins (11th Dragoons), G. Copeland (Scots Fusilier Guards), T. Creighton (71st Foot), Alex. Cruickshanks (79th Foot), J. Davidson (41st Foot), Bernard Grant (82d Foot), J. Hall (6th West India Regt.), W. Hanna (4th Foot), L. Hardy (New Brigade Foot), W. Hill (Rifle Brigade), W. Kerr (28th Foot), F. Kiekie (19th Dragoons), Garrett More (23d Foot), Michael Nelson (2d Dragoons), J. Partridge (1st Dragoons), T. Troy (Royal Horse-Guards), W. Waddell (1st Dragoons), Jas. Willox (54th Foot).

**MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.**—*Inspectors-General:* Sir J. R. Grant, M.D.; J. Gunning, C.B.; J. R. Hume, M.D.; A. Stewart, M.D.; S. Woolrich, C.B. *Deputy Inspectors-General:* W. Barry, M.D.; R. Dunn, M.D. *Staff-Surgeons, First Class:* G. Chenevix (Coldstream Guards), W. Funnie (Hibernian Military School), J. Harrison (Grenadier Guards), W. Hunter, M.D. (Coldstream Guards); J. Moffat, M.D.; D. Murray, M.D.; T. Smith, M.D. *Surgeons to the Forces:* W. Galliers, W. Jones, M.D.; R. Scott, M.D. *Staff-Surgeons, Second Class:* J. Callender (Wagon Train), F. Gicer (Coldstream Guards), A. M. Duna, M.D. (Ordnance); R. A. Pearson, M.D. (7th Foot); D. Pearson, M.D. (13th Dragoons); J. Black, M.D. (67th Foot); B. Robinson (12th Dragoons); L. Simpson (Ordnance); G. Steed, M.D. (1st Dragoons); J. Wintersea (2d Dragoons). *Assistant-Surgeons:* T. Brisbane, M.D. (58th Foot); G. Evers (14th Foot), H. Gatty (Ordnance), M. Kenny, M.D. (Ordnance), E. Kedge (Ordnance), E. D. Verrier (Ordnance). *Veterinary Surgeons:* J. Constant (5th Dragoon Guards), H. Hojewe (15th Dragoons).

**AIDES-DE-CAMP TO THE QUEEN.**—The Duke of Richmond, K.G., Colonel of Sussex Militia; the Earl of Mount Edgumbe, Colonel of Cornwall Rangers.

**KNIGHTS OF WINDSOR.**—Captain A. Hartley, Quartermaster; Captain R. Cochrane.

**CAPTAINS OF INVALIDS AT KILMARNAHAM.**—P. Lockwood, E. Gilborne.

**MILITIA ADJUTANTS.**—Captain Vere Webb (Cardigan Rifles), Captain F. Dixon (Derby), Captain J. Kingway (North Devon), Captain C. Holman (East Devon), Captain J. Jones (East Essex), Captain F. Kennedy (North Lincoln), Captain W. Scott (Fife), Captain C. B. Carruthers (Antrim Rifles), Captain H. Hill (Chester Yeomanry Cavalry), Captain W. S. Smith (Yorkshire Hussars), Captain G. Albert (West Kent Yeomanry Cavalry), Captain W. Emmott (Queen's Own Worcestershire Yeomanry Cavalry).

**IN ACTIVE SERVICE (Not Included in the Above).**—Royal Horse Guards, Veterinary Surgeon J. Siddle; Grenadier Guards, Quartermaster J. Payne; Scots Fusilier Guards, Quartermaster J. Aston; 14th Foot, Quartermaster S. Goddard; 19th Foot, Quartermaster A. Henry; 23d Foot, Quartermaster C. Grant; 27th Foot, Surgeon T. Mostyn; 28th Foot, Surgeon W. H. Young; 42d Foot, Quartermaster E. Paton; 60th Rifles, Paymaster E. Coxen; 95th Rifles, Paymaster F. Feneran; 99th Foot, Quartermaster A. Macdonald; Ceylon Rifle Regiment, Captain T. Lillie; Cape Mounted Rifles, Captain A. P. Keyou; Royal Hibernian School, Surgeon J. G. Elkington; Kilmarnock Hospital, Physician Dr. Macanloy. Organization of Officers pensioners at Plymouth, Major E. Treor (R.A.). Major W. T. B. Mountstevens, Chatham Invalid Depot, Major H. Anderson. Ordnance Medical Department, Senior Surgeon N. S. Chisholm; Principal Veterinary Surgeon (Clapham Common), F. C. Cherry. Town Major at Montreal, Ensign Macdonald. Store-keepers: E. M. Sparks (Woolwich), J. Butcher (Dun), Barrack Masters: P. Wulke (Bristol), F. Smith (Chatham), G. Drummond (Manchester), Lieutenant J. Bouz (Pendennis and St. John's Castle), C. Lake (Weedon), L. White (Wellington Barracks and Horc. Guards), F. Minchin (Shetland), Lieutenant R. Hewitt (Carrick-on-Suir), T. Wilson (St. Thomas's, Canada), I. Stephens (Halifax, Canada), Sir F. W. Frankland, Bart. (South District, Gibraltar), J. Daniels (Corfu), Lieutenant J. S. Sedley (Mabourgh, Mauritius).

#### FOREIGN AND COLONIAL NEWS.

##### FRANCE.

Great sensation has been created in Paris and the provinces by the publication of a manifesto and protest by the Count de Chambord, on the occasion of the re-establishment of the Empire. The Count tells the people that they are deceived—that the Empire is not the durable monarchy they want; and concludes by calling on all Monarchical men to abstain "from any part in a vote which is a manifest negative of their principles." The proscribed Democratic Socialists of France residing at Jersey, and the Revolution Society of London, have also issued manifestoes calling upon the people to organise themselves in spite of "Bonapartist terror." All the documents have appeared in the Government organ the *Moniteur*, the editor reminding his readers that they are "abominable," and adding that the good sense and patriotism of the country will judge of them as they deserve.

The Prince President has returned from hunting at Fontainebleau. The Government has abandoned the idea of giving salaries to the members of the legislative corps, M. Billault having ascertained that the majority will decline to receive any such indemnity. The only change to be made is to allow the bureaux to elect their own presidents and secretaries, instead of, as at present, forcing them to make the eldest member their president, and the youngest their secretary.

**PARIS, THURSDAY EVENING.**—The *Moniteur* announces that on the 1st of December, the effective of the French army will be brought down to 370,177 men—being a reduction of more than 30,000 men.

##### THE KAFFIR WAR.

The screw mail-steamers *Propontis* reached Plymouth on Monday, bringing intelligence from the Cape to the 9th of October. On the frontier affairs are beginning to assume an appearance of cessation from those tedious hostilities which have prevailed for so long a period. General Cathcart was at Graham's Town on the 23d of September. It is reported that he will be able to leave shortly for Cape Town. The latest official military general order is dated at Fort Beaufort, September 20. It declares the Waterkloof clear of the enemy, with the exception of a few lurking Kaffirs, who may have evaded the British troops.

##### SOUTH AMERICA.

By the Royal Mail steam-ship *Severn*, which reached Southampton on Saturday, intelligence has been received of a fresh revolution in Buenos Ayres.

#### PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

##### THE LATE FLOODS.

Immense damage has been done in all parts of the country by the floods which prevailed last week and this. On Tuesday the traffic on the Windsor branch of the South-Western Railway, was suspended from the Staines station. Upon the passengers arriving there conveyances were in attendance to convey them on to Windsor. The whole of the houses near the Hampton Court Station were under water. At Windsor the Thames presented the appearance of an immense lake.

Cambridgeshire, Huntingdonshire, and the Isle of Ely, may be appropriately described as one vast sheet of water; in fact, the whole route traversed by the Eastern Counties Railway presented a scene of desolation hardly ever equalled under similar circumstances. Below Cambridge, however, the most damage has been done; and near St. Ives there were 2000 acres under water in one tract. Right and left of the line the scene is the same, and the traffic is stopped at Swavesey, owing to the water having inundated the line to such an extent as to render passage impracticable. Lakenheath Fen was one immense lake; and the same might be said of the other fen districts, the waters coming down in such volumes as to render the mills next to useless, and to make futile all appliances for drainage. Owing to the major part of the land being arable, the losses of cattle reported have not been heavy; but a few head have fallen a sacrifice.

In the immediate vicinity of Cambridge the Cam was swollen from a sluggish ditch to a broad and rapid river, its waters in some places reaching at least a furlong on either side beyond its usual margin. At Newnham and Chesterton the only access to the houses of many of the inhabitants has been by means of boats. Five deaths are already reported to have taken place in the immediate neighbourhood, owing to the flood.

Oxford stood literally in a sea of water. From the force of the current, a boat filled with academics was upset, and one of them drowned. The London and North-Western line was stopped near beyond the Wolverton station.

In the neighbourhood of Rugby the Midland line had its traffic impeded to a considerable extent by being covered with the flood. Last Saturday morning the Crozier-hill viaduct, near Leicester, gave way. This occurrence created the greatest alarm, and the traffic, which had been previously only partially stopped, was entirely suspended. After considerable delay, it was resolved to entirely suspend the traffic of the line. Ultimately arrangements were made by which the Midland traffic was carried on to the Hampton Junction of the London and North-Western Railway, via the Birmingham and Derby line. In Leicester the flood subsided in the course of Saturday night, liberating the inhabitants, who had been imprisoned in their bed-rooms for more than twenty-four hours. The damage done to furniture was very great. Many were unable to kindle fires, and not a few were compelled to fast the whole day. Several of the factories were much injured.

At Nottingham the Trent overflowed, and several hundred sheep were destroyed in the adjacent villages. At West Bridford, two miles from Nottingham, the water was never known so high since 1798. A culvert unfortunately burst in this village during Saturday morning; the inundation which followed was fearful. At Anbolton, Colwick, Snettton, Beeston, Carlton, Barton, and other villages near the town, a great amount of damage was sustained. The water crossed the line of rails at Long Eaton, six miles from Nottingham, put out the fires of the boilers, and the trains were unable to proceed. This delayed the delivery of letters five hours, the mail bags having to be sent by the old coach road. All traffic up the Midland line from Nottingham to Leicester ceased, the flood crossing the line for a considerable distance. The cotton and lace factories of Messrs. Morley, Greaves, Gregory, Thornton, and Hardy, ceased working. At the great bridge which crosses the Trent, about a mile and a half from the town, the scene was appalling. Numbers of farmers and country people stayed in Nottingham all Saturday night, not daring to venture home through the flood.

Shropshire and the adjacent county of Montgomery were nearly deluged by the flooding of the Severn and other rivers. At Shrewsbury all communication between the town and the suburbs was suspended; provisions were conveyed from house to house by means of boats and "coracles." The through trains on the Shrewsbury and Hereford Railway were suspended, and passengers had to cross from one train to another by means of a temporary wooden bridge.

At Gloucester the flood made its appearance in places where water was never known before. The Hereford and Gloucester mail was completely washed away; and Mr. Hardwick, a respectable solicitor of the former town, who was an inside passenger, was drowned. Two of the mail-bags only were recovered, the rest were lost.

Besides Leicester, more or less damage was done at Manchester, Doncaster, Stockport, Burton-on-Trent, Wolverhampton, and in the neighbourhood of Chatham.

In the west of England the flood was equally destructive. At Bristol one man was drowned. The river Frome and several other tributary streams overflowed their banks and flooded the parts adjacent; and in Newfoundland Gardens, Baptist hills, and several other places, there were many numbers of acres lying under a large depth of water, and rendered valueless to their owners, the inhabitants were compelled either to resort to their upper stories or desert their houses altogether. The South Devon railway was completely submerged. Waves and Ireland were also visited with the same calamity. The floods specially prevailed in the neighbourhoods of Swansea and Cork.

**THE AURORA BOREALIS AND THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.**—Mr. West, the manager at Glasgow for the Electric Telegraph Company, states that the delay in the transmission of the Parliamentary news, on Thursday week, was caused by the aurora borealis which prevailed that night.

**RURAL POLICE.**—From a return just published, it appears that 2611 constables of all classes were employed in 1851, under the Act 2 and 3 Vict., c. 93, at a cost of £181,239. For Wales, there are 156 constables, at an expense of £2794; making a total of 2767 men, and a cost of £190,043. Twenty-five counties have not adopted the act.

**ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.**—We have heard a rumour, believed to be well founded, that the epitaph to Sir Christopher Wren, now removed from the organ screen of St. Paul's Cathedral, will not be again erected. Whether we regard the beauty of diction, the force of expression, or the appropriateness of the site to such a memento of this great man, we are astonished at such a rumour, as we cannot believe it possible that the dignitaries of St. Paul's could be guilty of such an act.

Sir Alexander Cockburn, the Attorney-General to the late Government, is about to deliver a course of lectures to the members of the Southampton Polytechnic Institution.

The Lords of the Admiralty have decided that the India and China mails, under the new contract, shall be despatched from Southampton on the 4th and 20th of each month.

A new kind of paper, manufactured entirely from straw, and applicable for all printing purposes, as well as for writing, has been produced by Messrs. Hook and Simpson, of Tovil Mills, Maidstone.



## WELLINGTON DOUBLE NUMBER

OF THE

## ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

The Publisher and Printer beg the Intelligences of their Subscribers and Readers for the DELAY that must necessarily ensue this week. The orders already received to this day are FOUR TIMES MORE NUMEROUS than it is possible to supply by Saturday, the 20th. On Monday, the 23d, it is hoped all the regular Subscribers will be in receipt of their Papers. Every means is used to procure sufficient copies, but it is impossible to print the number required for delivery within the regular time.

198, Strand. Nov. 19, 1852.

## CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

SUNDAY, November 21.—Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity. Princess Royal born 1810.  
MONDAY, 22.—St. Cecilia. Grey Administration formed, 1830.  
TUESDAY, 23.—Old Martinmas Day. St. Clement.  
WEDNESDAY, 24.—John Knox died, 1572. Peace with America, 1814.  
THURSDAY, 25.—St. Catherine. Michaelmas Term ends.  
FRIDAY, 26.—Dr. Watts died, 1748. Lord Lyttelton died, 1779.  
SATURDAY, 27.—Princess Mary Adelaide born, 1833.

TIMES OF HIGH WATER AT LONDON BRIDGE,  
FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 27, 1852.

Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
10 15	11 20	12 25	1 30	2 35	3 40

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## NOTICE.

The all-absorbing interest of the Great State Funeral of the Duke of Wellington, and the large space we have devoted to its Illustration, have compelled us to postpone, until next week, several ENGRAVINGS of miscellaneous subjects; including Two Pages of Illustrations of

THE GREAT FLOODS IN THE MIDLAND AND WESTERN DISTRICTS.  
THE MEETING OF CONVOCATION.  
THE EVENTS ON THE RIVER PLATE.—and a PORTRAIT OF GENERAL URQUIZA.  
THE FRENCH SENATE AT ST. CLOUD.  
THE MILITIA MUSTER AND UNIFORM, &c. &c.

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THE PROCESSION IN FLEET-STREET AND LUDGATE-HILL.  
TEMPLE BAR THE NIGHT BEFORE THE FUNERAL.  
THE DUKE'S HORSE, LED BY HIS GROOM.  
THE ARRIVAL AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.  
THE LOWERING THE COFFIN INTO THE VAULT.  
STREET SCENES AND INCIDENTS.  
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## THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1852.

Our readers will observe, from the present Number of our Journal, as well as from that which we issued last week, and we hope also from those which are to follow it—that we have spared neither time, trouble, nor expense, to illustrate in a befitting manner the various scenes and incidents in the Grand State Funeral of the Duke of Wellington. In pursuance of the task which has devolved upon us, we have necessarily been brought into constant communication with official personages: most of whom, we are proud and grateful to admit, have, in the most courteous manner, endeavoured to be of service to us, and have placed facilities in our way for duly recording, in our own manner, the most striking ceremonial of modern times. When it is reflected that by far the larger portion of the people—and, indeed, all who are not residents of the metropolis, or who did not visit it for the purpose; all the inhabitants of the provinces or of the remote colonies, dependencies, and possessions of the British empire, will owe to our pages, far more than to those of our daily contemporaries, however copious and able their reports, the knowledge which they will obtain of the "pomp and circumstance" of the funeral and all its accessories,—the importance as well as interest of the labours of our artists and engravers will be acknowledged. The official personages to whom we had occasion to apply for assistance very generally admitted our claim on their attention; and we are happy to express our acknowledgments for their prompt courtesy and invaluable aid. Justice, however, compels us to exclude from any recognition we have to offer, the clerical authorities of St. Paul's Cathedral. Not only as regards ourselves, but as regards others, we are compelled to notice the loud and general complaints that have reached us from every quarter, of the manner in which these authorities executed the trust reposed in them on this great national occasion. It might have been supposed that a fair and reasonable proportion of the enormous number of places claimed by the Dean and Chapter would have been devoted, not simply to those who record the events of our time, and without whose aid public ceremonies lose most of their value and importance, but to those persons connected by relationship or service with the illustrious de-

ceased. But we are given to understand that this was by no means the case, and that the old companions in arms of the Duke, men, too, who had been wounded at his side in the battles of this country, urged in vain upon the Dean their claims to a place in St. Paul's Cathedral, on the occasion of the funeral. We are also given to understand that even some of the nearest and dearest relatives of the departed could not obtain a sufficient recognition of their right to be present, and to bring those with them who might be connected, by service or by companionship, with the Great Duke whom the nation delighted to honour. We are well aware that complaints against such personages are all but useless; but we, nevertheless, feel bound to enter our protest against the manner in which the details of this grand ceremonial were conducted by the authorities of St. Paul's Cathedral.

It is exceedingly to be regretted that the honourable task of pronouncing the Parliamentary eulogium of the House of Commons on the career and character of the Duke of Wellington should have fallen, by right of office, to Mr. Disraeli. The speech of the right honourable gentleman on that memorable occasion fell far short of what was expected; and when Lord John Russell only added a few words, and when the other great parliamentary celebrities kept silence and allowed Mr. Disraeli to be the sole orator of the occasion, the country felt disappointed, as it well might. Unfortunately, however, the speech which Mr. Disraeli thought fit to deliver was only his own in those passages of it which were marked with bad taste. The memory of the Duke—the man of truth—was insulted by the repetition of a second-hand panegyric, pronounced nearly a quarter of a century ago upon the memory of a second-rate French Marshal, and held forth to the House of Commons and to the country as Mr. Disraeli's own.

Thought for thought—expression for expression—nay, word for word—Mr. Disraeli's eulogium on the hero of Waterloo was taken from an article by M. Thiers, on the death of Marshal Gouvion de St. Cyr, written in 1829, and re-produced in a leading article of the *Morning Chronicle* of the 4th of July, 1848. The circumstance was so extraordinary when pointed out in the columns of the *Globe* of Tuesday night, that we hesitated to give it credence. We accordingly referred to the file of the *Morning Chronicle*, to satisfy ourselves that no hoax was attempted by our clever evening contemporary, and with regret we found the identical passage. Let the reader compare Mr. Disraeli's speech with M. Thiers's essay, and then pass his opinion upon Mr. Disraeli, and his fitness to be the leader of such an assemblage of gentlemen as the British House of Commons.

## PARALLEL PASSAGES.

It is not that a great general must be an engineer—a geographer—learned in human nature—adroit in the management of men—that he must be able to fulfil the highest duty of a Minister of State, and then to descend to the humblest office of a commissary and a clerk; but he has to display all this knowledge, and to exercise all those duties, at the same time, and under extraordinary circumstances. At every moment he has to think of the eve and of the morrow—of his flank and of his rear: he has to calculate at the same time, the state of the weather and the moral qualities of men; and all those elements that are perpetually changing, he has to combine—sometimes under overwhelming heat, sometimes under overpowering cold—often times in famine, and frequently amidst the roar of artillery. (Hear, hear.) Behind all these circumstances there is ever present the image of his country, and the dreadful alternative whether that country is to welcome him with laurel and with cypress. (Hear, hear.) Yet those images he must dismiss from his mind; for the general must not only think, but think with the rapidity of lightning: for on a moment more or less depends the fate of the most beautiful combination—and a moment more or less is a question of glory or of shame. (Hear, hear.) Unquestionably, sir, all this may be done in an ordinary manner by an ordinary man; as every day of our lives we see that ordinary men may be successful ministers of state, successful authors, and successful speakers; but to do all this with genius is sublime. (Hear, hear.) To be able to think with vigour, with depth, and with clearness, in the recesses of the cabinet, is a great intellectual demonstration; but to think with equal vigour, clearness, and depth amidst the noise of bullets, amidst the most loftiest exercises and the most complete triumph of human faculties. (Cheers.)—MR. DISRAELI ON THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, 1852.

An engineer, a geographer, a man of the world, a metaphysician, knowing men, knowing how to govern them—an administrator in great things, a clerk in small—all these things it is necessary to be; but these are as yet nothing. All this vast knowledge must be exercised on the instant, in the midst of extraordinary circumstances. At every moment you must think of the yesterday and the morrow—of your flank and of your rear—calculate at the same time on the atmosphere and on the temper of your men; and all these elements, so various and so diverse, which are ceaselessly changing and renewed, you must combine in the midst of cold, heat, hunger, bullets.

Farther off, and behind them, is the spectacle of your country, with laurel or with cypress. But all these images and ideas must be banished and set aside, for you must think, and think quickly—one minute too much, and the fairest combination has lost its opportunity, and instead of glory it is shame which awaits you. All this undoubtedly is compatible with mediocrity, like every other profession: one can also be a middling poet, a middling orator, a middling author; but this done with genius is sublime.

To think in the quiet of one's cabinet clearly, strongly, nobly, this undoubtedly is great; but to think as clearly, as strongly, as nobly, in the midst of carnage and fire, is the most perfect exercise of the human faculties.—M. THIERS ON THE MARSHAL GOUVION DE ST. CYR, 1829, quoted in the *Morning Chronicle* of July 4, 1848.

## THE COURT.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

Her Majesty, his Royal Highness Prince Albert, and the youthful members of the Royal family continue in the enjoyment of good health. On Wednesday the Queen and Prince Albert, with the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, Prince Alfred, and Princess Alice, accompanied by the Duc de Brabant, the Comte de Flanders, and the Princess Charlotte of Belgium, and the Prince of Leiningen, the Prince and Princess of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, the Princesses Adelaide and Feodora, and the Prince Hermann of Hohenlohe, left Windsor Castle for London, via the Great Western Railway; and reached Buckingham Palace at 26 minutes past three o'clock. At four o'clock the Queen held a Court for the reception of all the foreign officers who have come over from Russia, Portugal, the Netherlands, Prussia, Hanover, and Spain to attend the funeral of the late Field-Marshal Arthur Duke of Wellington, together with all the officers composing their suites, and also the officers sent by the Duke of Brunswick.

The foreign Ministers and the distinguished officers were introduced by the Earl of Malmesbury. The Royal dinner circle at Buckingham Palace included the Duc de Brabant and the Comte de Flanders, the Prince of Leiningen, the Prince and Princess of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, Princess Adelaide and Prince Hermann of Hohenlohe, Colonel de Moerkkerke, Comte de Briey, and Sir Robert Carswell.

On Thursday, after the passing of the funeral cortège of the late Duke of Wellington, the Queen went to St. James's Palace, and again viewed the procession from the windows. Her Majesty was accompanied by their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, Prince Alfred, the Princess Alice; the Duchess of Kent, the Princess Charlotte of Belgium, the Princess of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, and the Princess Adelaide and Feodora of Hohenlohe. His Royal Highness Prince Albert left Buckingham Palace shortly after nine, in a carriage drawn by six horses, to take his place in the funeral procession of the late Duke of Wellington. His Royal Highness returned to the Palace about three o'clock in the afternoon. Her Majesty, Prince Albert, and the Royal family and suite, left Buckingham Palace at five minutes past five o'clock for Windsor. Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent and the Princess of Hohenlohe also left for Frogmore.

Election petitions have been presented this week against the return of Mr. Horsfall, Derby; Mr. Mills, Taunton; Messrs. Austell and Macaulay, Cambridge; Mr. C. L. Mare, Plymouth; Mr. Lowe, Kidderminster; and Messrs. Pilkington and Eccles, Blackburn.

## POSTSCRIPT.

## HOUSE OF LORDS.—FRIDAY.

The Lordships met at five o'clock, the Lord Chancellor presiding.

**BUSINESS OF THE HOUSE.**—The Marquis of Clanricarde gave notice that he would on Monday put a question to the noble Lord opposite (Derby) as to the public business to be brought before the House before the adjournment for the Christmas holidays.

**QUARANTINE REGULATIONS.**—Earl St. Germans referred to the Sanitary Conference held in Paris last year; and directed attention to the fact of the *La Plata* West Indian steamer having arrived at Southampton on Thursday, with yellow fever on board. He asked what precautions had been adopted with respect to the unfortunate persons on board.—The Earl of Malmesbury said there was good reason to hope that the recommendations of the Conference would be carried out; for, although some countries were unwilling to sign a convention based on the Conference report, Portugal, Sardis, France, and Russia, were willing to co-operate with the Government.—The Earl of Lonsdale said, as regards the *La Plata*, he had that morning given directions that the passengers on board should be released from quarantine.

**REGULATIONS OF RAILWAYS.**—Lord Redesdale wished to ask the Vice-President of the Board of Trade whether it was intended by the Government to introduce any measure for the better regulation of railways, and to direct attention to certain railway bills, which were likely to come before Parliament in the course of the session.—Lord Colchester said that nothing had as yet been done by the Government, but he believed that a committee would be appointed to consider these matters.—Lord Beaumont suggested a general code of laws for the regulation of railways.—The Earl of Derby said that, however desirable such a measure might be considered, he was afraid that it would be very difficult, if not impossible, to carry it out. The convenience of the public might be greatly interfered with if they attempted any such measure. He, however, thought that such interference might be made as regarded the conveyance of troops and the mails.—After some further conversation the subject dropped.

**THE LATE DUKE'S FUNERAL.**—The Earl of Derby, in a most eloquent speech, congratulated the House on the successful manner in which the funeral arrangements of the previous day had been carried out; and spoke most favourably of the conduct of the police and the troops, at the same time paying a high tribute to the orderly behaviour of the public. The noble Earl, in conclusion, pronounced an impressive panegyric on the character of the late Duke of Wellington.—Adjourned.

## HOUSE OF COMMONS.—FRIDAY.

The Speaker took the chair shortly before four o'clock.

**THE TURKISH LOAN.**—In answer to a question from an hon. member, Lord Stanley said that it would not at present be judicious to lay on the table of the House the correspondence which had taken place with respect to the Turkish Loan. The Turkish Government had acted with the utmost fairness, and he believed the matter would be speedily and satisfactorily settled.

**AMALGAMATION OF RAILWAYS.**—In answer to a question from Mr. Labouchere, Mr. HENLEY said, the department of the Board of Trade had no information on the subject of the amalgamation of railways, more than appeared by the *Gazette* notices; but, as the subject was a most important one, he thought a committee of the House ought to be appointed to consider the subject, in order to protect the public.

**CONVOCATION.**—In answer to a question from Sir J. Shelley, Mr. WALPOLE said, the usual course with respect to the assembling of Convocation was to leave it to the Archbishop of Canterbury, without interference on the part of the Crown, unless the authority of the Crown was attempted to be set aside. It was not intended upon the part of the Government to deviate from the usual course which had been adapted with respect to the meeting of Convocation. Nothing would induce him to advise the Crown to grant a licence or the continued sitting of Convocation, as he thought nothing would be more detrimental to the Church of England than to allow the Convocation to make canons for the Church.

**FREE TRADE AND PROTECTION.**—The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER gave notice that on Tuesday, the 23d, he would move, by way of amendment to the resolution of Mr. Villiers, "That this House acknowledges with satisfaction that the cheapness of provisions occasioned by recent legislation has mainly contributed to improve the condition and to increase the comfort of the working classes; and that unrestricted competition having been adopted, after due deliberation, as the principle of our commercial system, this House is of opinion that it is the duty of the Government unreservedly to adhere to that policy in those measures of financial and administrative reform which, under the circumstances of the country, they may deem it their duty to introduce." (Derisive cheers.)

**THE CAPE.**—In answer to a question from Lord J. Russell, Sir JOHN PAKINGTON said, he was enabled to say that the late advices from the Cape of Good Hope were of a favourable nature; and stated that there was reason to believe that the war was drawing to a close and would, he hoped, be speedily terminated. He said that the constitution which had been sent out by Lord Grey was of so restricted a nature that it gave great dissatisfaction. Under all the circumstances of the case the Government thought it their duty to pause; but they had come to the resolution that a free constitution should be given to the colony when the war was ended, and when the proper time arrived.

**THE DERBY ELECTION.**—Sir A. COCKBURN was about to bring under the consideration of the House the petition of the electors of the borough of Derby, when the SPEAKER pointed out an informality in the petition, which precluded its being entertained.—Sir A. COCKBURN said, under these circumstances he would withdraw the petition, but thought the electors were bound to present another as quickly as possible.—Sir J. Y. BULLER said that, on the part of the Secretary-at-War, he was at once prepared to go into the whole subject.—The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER said it was exceedingly desirable that some means should be devised to bring the matter to a speedy termination.—The petition was then withdrawn.

[Upon this being done, a good deal of sensation occurred in the House, and a great many members left immediately after.]

**LAW REFORM IN IRELAND.**—The SOLICITOR-GENERAL for Ireland obtained leave to bring in a bill to amend the procedure in the Superior Courts of Common Law in Ireland.

**CALL OF THE HOUSE.**—Mr. HUME then moved that the House be called over on Monday next. After a short discussion the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER said he would not oppose the motion.—Some opposition having been manifested, the House divided, and the motion of Mr. Hume was carried by a majority of 147 to 142.—Adjourned.

The *Augsburg Gazette* announces that on the 4th instant, at Moraetz, in Moravia, Princess Carolina Wassa, on reaching her majority, publicly went over to the Roman Catholic Church, with the consent of her father, and under the guidance of the Bishop of Brunn.

The Earl of Shrewsbury died on the 9th instant, at Naples, after a short illness.

**WEST INDIA MAIL.**—Southampton, Thursday.—The *La Plata* has just arrived from St. Thomas's, with the West India mails. On her voyage home the yellow fever broke out with great violence, and her commander (Allen), the purser, the third engineer, and six of her crew, have fallen a sacrifice. As several of the passengers and crew are still ill with the fever, the *La Plata* has been removed to the M. Thetank. The Bishop of Sydney and 86 other passengers are on board. The mail-bags, when unpacked, will be forwarded to London. Fever also prevailed on board the *Great Western* and *Thames*, at St. Thomas's.

## NAVAL AND MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

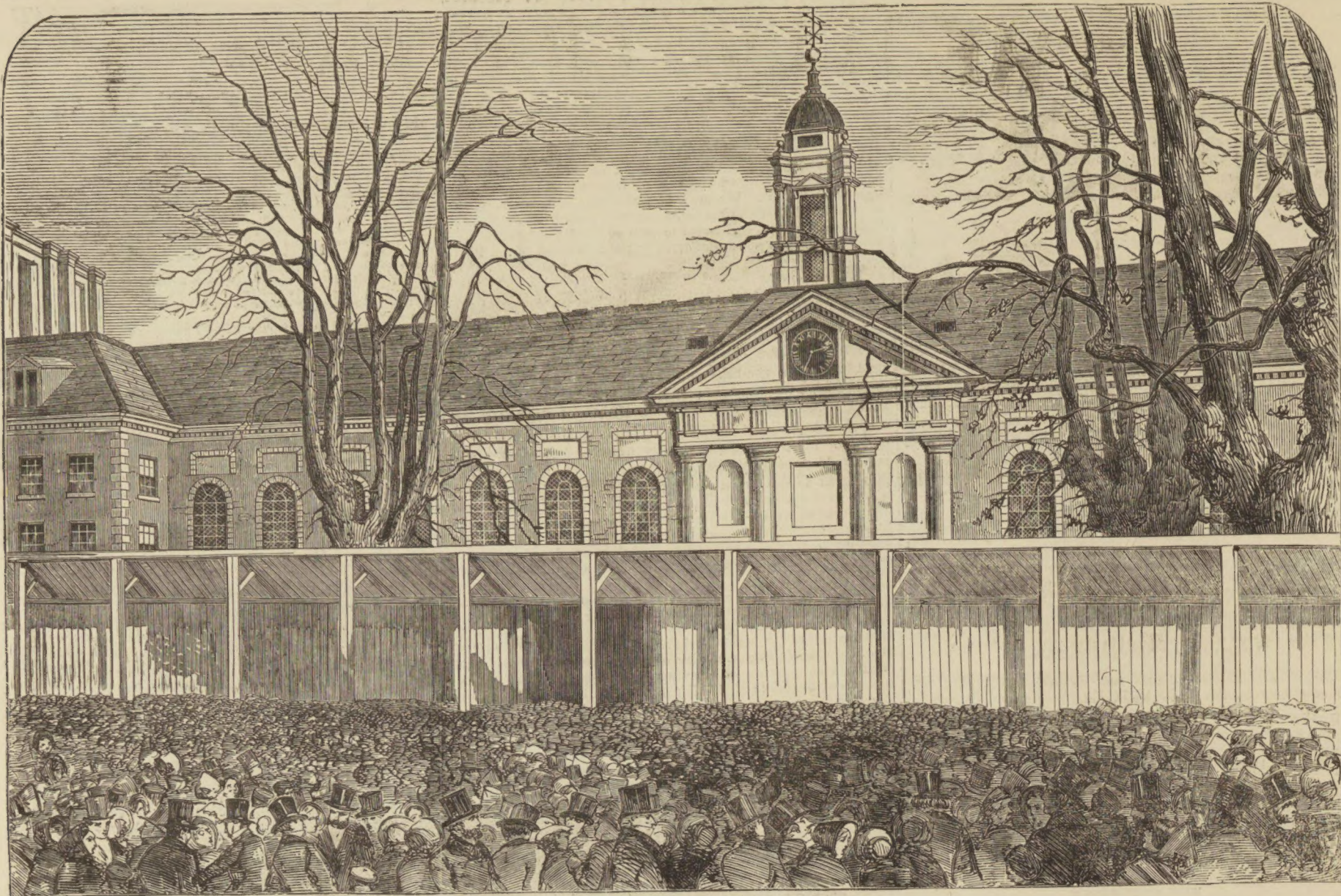
**THE DUKE'S OWN.**—We believe the 33d is the only entire regiment that has been brought from a distance (Glasgow) to attend the funeral of the Duke of Wellington; and this honour it owes to the fact that the Duke of Wellington held his first commission in it, and, we believe, subsequently commanded it. It is understood, likewise, that for the same reason, the 33d is a fittingly named "The Duke of Wellington's Own," and to carry that title, of course, on its insignia, an honour which, we do not doubt, will be duly appreciated and valued by its officers and men. While taking leave of the 33d Regiment, after its short sojourn amongst us, we have much pleasure in bearing testimony to the good conduct that has distinguished the men during the period, as well as to the affability and popularity of the officers in their intercourse with the upper citizens.—*Glasgow Herald*.

**FATAL MUTINY ON BOARD THE AUSTRALIAN COMPANY'S STEAM-PACKET "MELBOURNE."**—By accounts brought from Lisbon by the *Severn* we learn the unfortunate steam-ship *Melbourne* had not been docked. On the morning of the 9th, the crew broke out into open mutiny, and compelled the captain and officers to take to the boats and seek protection on board her Majesty's ship *Inflexible*, Captain Woodcock. The passengers had previously gone on shore. One man was stabbed mortally. Captain Woodcock immediately sent his boats, manned and armed, and removed five of the ringleaders, who were placed in irons on board the *Inflexible*. The man stabbed was a Scotchman.

The Levant Mail, of the 30th October, brings news of the loss of thirteen vessels which had been cast on shore at the Punta dei Barbierti, at the entrance to the Dardanelles.

**THE FUNERAL PROGRAMME.**—We have seen a copy of the programme of the ceremonial, executed on satin, by Mr. Williams, of John Street, Smithfield. The design is most appropriate. The order of procession, &c., are surrounded by the escutcheon of the Duke's family, and by a variety of military emblems incidental to the life of the lamented hero. On Thursday his Royal Highness the Prince Consort and the Premier were supplied with copies of this beautifully-printed memorial.





CHELSEA HOSPITAL.—THE CROWD GOING IN.

### THE LYING IN STATE AT CHELSEA HOSPITAL.

In last Saturday's Number, the visit of her Majesty the Queen to the solemn spectacle in the Great Hall at Chelsea Hospital, on Thursday, the 11th, was recorded; and, in our Postscript, we noticed the visit of private ticket-holders on Friday, the 12th.

The weather, on Friday, was one continued deluge. The company, amounting to 15,000 persons, chiefly of the aristocracy and richer of the middle classes, arrived in carriages, and for many hours blocked up the adjacent streets. Throughout the day their impatience to gain admission, and excess of numbers (as compared with the facilities for setting down and taking up carriage company), caused much confusion and disappointment. On the doors being closed, shortly after four p.m., there were still several thousand persons holding tickets

to whom admission was denied. At one period of the day, the lines of carriages were estimated to extend over two miles.

A Special Correspondent furnishes the following account of the public days of the Lying in State:—

Saturday, the 13th, was the first public day. While it was yet four hours from sunrise, the measured tread of police detachments from the northern suburbs, heavily tramping towards Chelsea, indicated that I was not the first afoot. It was not from a desire to be the first to enter the hall of solemn grandeur on that day which drew me forth so early. I went to observe and listen, and, if need were, to take note of what was seen and heard around and in the vicinity of the coffin of the most honoured and honourable man of our nation, and of the world.

On reaching Charing-cross and thereabout, it was observable that more wayfarers kept the streets awake than are usually seen at four o'clock. One might have supposed that the morning of Covent-garden

market, or the disposition of certain classes to sit up late or not go to bed at all, was the cause of early bustle. These contributed to it; but on looking more closely at the moving men and women as they passed under the lamps, it was observable that most of the men wore crape upon their hats, while the women were attired either in black or partially in mourning. Their faces too were turned westward. Where could they be going, if not to Chelsea, to arrive there two hours before daylight, to pay homage to the memory of the Duke of Wellington? Thither they were bound, both those on foot and those who rattled over the stones in street cabs. Thither I followed them.

There were early breakfasts in crowded rooms. Groups, though as yet not multitudes, in the streets and about the hospital approaches. Detachments of the Grenadier Guards arrived to do duty in the great solemnity, by "resting on their arms reversed," and of Life Guards to stand (dismounted) in the entrance hall as sentinels of honour. Workmen, within and without the Hospital walls, were hammering by



SCENE OF THE CATASTROPHE, AT THE GATE, CHELSEA HOSPITAL.



the light of lanterns and torches—nailing barricades—opening new door-ways, or closing old ones. The police were posted, or in process of being told off to their posts. The crush of 15,000 private ticket-holders on the previous day, 5000 of whom, it was said, had been unable to gain admission; and the indecorum and rudeness of the Chelsea pensioners with their wives and friends, after the Queen's private visit on Thursday, had led to a superintendent of police and some officers being suspended, for some real or alleged neglect of duty. This police incident made all the constables, on Saturday, more active and stern (some people who do not consider how severely the patience of the police is tried, may have called them rude); and it was apparent that, banded across the streets at different points, they were not in humour to be cajoled out of their firmness.

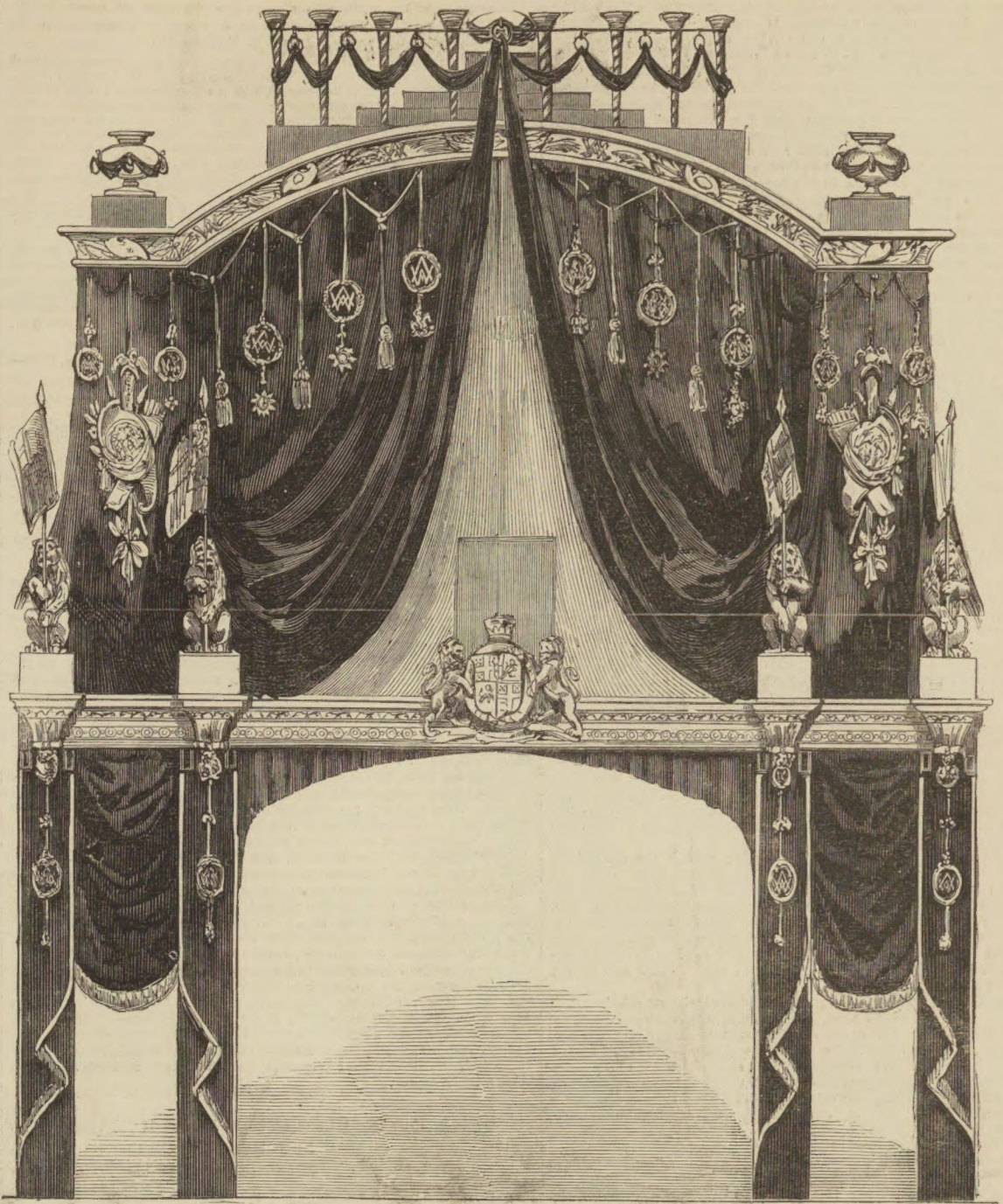
From the importance of the after incidents of the day, it is requisite to know the lines of approach and departure at the Hospital. The Queen's-road passes the northern front of the building, separated from it by a high railing and wall, and an open space about a hundred feet deep; on the opposite side of the Queen's-road is a square of grass pasture, said to be ten acres in extent; it is surrounded by iron rails, intersected by a central private road, which approaches the centre of the Hospital, and crosses the Queen's-road at a right angle. Outside this green square are public thoroughfares.

Let the reader suppose himself approaching the Hospital by the east side of this square. His face is to the south; and, arriving at the Queen's-road, the gates are immediately before him, by which entrance is obtained on ordinary occasions. On Saturday these gates were closed, except to the military, police, and official persons. The entrance for the public was at the central gateway, so that from this eastern corner the public had to advance up the Queen's-road westward a hundred and fifty yards, or thereabouts. But they were only allowed to do so by the foot-path on the left-hand side of the Queen's-road. A strong body of police were stationed here to turn every person back, either to the north, by the side of the square, or to the east by the Queen's-road. Which ever course they took, they had to go about a quarter of a mile, latterly more than half a mile eastward, there to turn and fall in upon the crowded pavement; with faces westward, to move up to the Hospital, after hours of detention and crushing. They were detained on that pavement, or in the gutters skirting it, by a close row of street-cabs and private carriages. These the police kept together like a wall, permitting no person to pass through the line without going to the extreme end eastward.

So far, this arrangement was good. Had there been no approach to the interior of the Hospital but from the eastward by this section of the Queen's-road, the ingress would have been simple. But a like current of people was allowed to approach from the westward, and come in conflict with this eastern current at the place of entrance. The current from the west was only about two hundred yards in length, rather less; that is to say, any persons newly arriving, and going round the west side of the extensive green square, or coming in, as thousands upon thousands did, from the steam-boats by way of Cheyne-walk, could approach to the Hospital without being formed by the police. Thus, the fresh accessions from the west were within two hundred yards of the place of ingress before they were confined to the pavement to advance in order, while those from the east were in confinement for more than half a mile. The first result was that, though the published police regulations had named the eastern section of the Queen's-road as the only approach, people flocked to the western section, because an hour of struggle there got them sooner to the entrance than four hours of struggle from the east.

But this was not the cause of all the suffering that occurred. The chief cause was that, the current of exit from the Hospital was poured into this impetuous western crowd, face to face. The people who arrived from the river or the western streets were, as yet, fresh and vigorous, and rushed forward. All the military and engineering science left after Wellington, and any required share of £100,000 or more, which the funeral is to cost, seemed to have been insufficient to devise a way of exit for the wearied and crowd-worn devotees coming from Wellington's coffin, other than by erecting a gallery, only a few feet wide, through which they were poured out as through a funnel, or out of a bung-hole, in the face of the new comers, who crushed them, feeble as they were, against the railings, or, in their own vigorous impetuosity, trampled them under foot.

After devoting some hours to a study of the streets and the congregating people, and noting that, at least, three out of every four men wore crape on their hats, and nearly all had some sign of solemnity about them, while not one woman in fifty was seen with a gay ribbon on her bonnet, I thought it full time to seek access to the interior. At half-past nine o'clock, the doors having only been opened at nine, I, like thousands more, was turned by the police towards Pimlico, to fall in behind the wedged crowd at the distance of four or five hundred yards eastward from the Hospital. The number of those who looked on in despair, and went home at that early hour, seemed to be nearly as great as of those still arriving. By the progress which this eastern crowd made, I reckoned my period of admission would be late in the afternoon. I again made my way through streets where the crowds were still in motion, and with some difficulty reached the barrier of policemen, who, with an inspector, stood across the Queen's-road at the east end of the Hospital. Having given the name of this Journal to the inspector, he permitted me to pass up the road; but I was immediately pursued by a constable on horseback, who peremptorily ordered me back. To him I also named the business I was on; but he was not to be satisfied until



THE DUKE'S FUNERAL.—TEMPLE-BAR.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

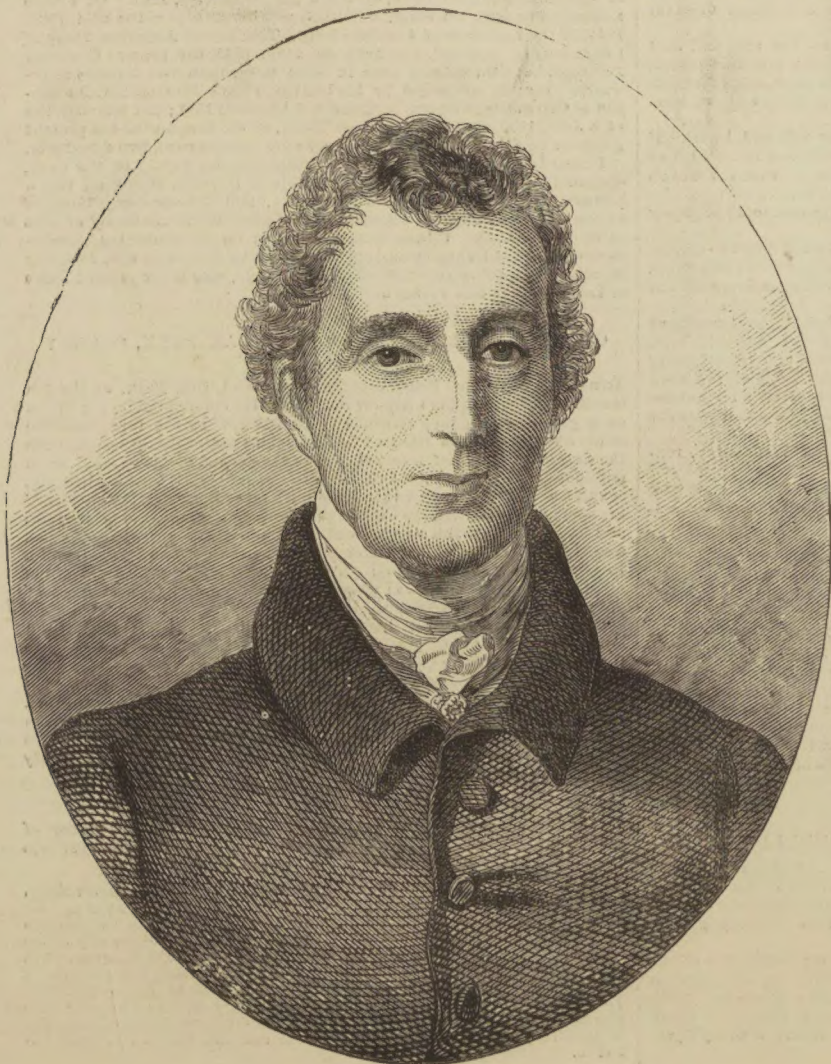
he had the inspector's permission. This was soon obtained; and, being permitted to go, there arose shouts in the crowd, "That's favour;" "That's not fair!" I only notice this to say, that I do not believe a word of certain accusations of which I have since read to the effect that persons were admitted by bribing the police. Those who make such charges should know that it is necessary for members of the press to be admitted where others may be excluded. Let any man attempt bribery on such occasions, and he will be in great danger of a rap over the knuckles, if not over the head, besides being turned to the outside.

Arrived in front of the Hospital entrance, which was advanced into the Queen's-road by a temporary passage of rough deals, I succeeded, after fifteen minutes of difficulty, to get into the current from the westward within a few yards of a barrier which was held by ten or twelve policemen. A superintendent, in uniform, stood aloft, clinging to a post, at whose word of command they raised the barrier and

with it!" upon which it being raised, twenty or thirty persons were let in on that side. Then it was closed, and that on the west was opened as before, amid the shouts of the commanding constables and cries of women who screamed, and would have turned back to look for lost shoes or fragments of skirts or shawls, or missing parasols or umbrellas.

Our faces were now toward the south; the two currents united to advance along the temporary gangway. But so fast did the police pour in, or allow in, the eager multitude behind, and so slow was the advance forward, that the crushing and suffocation was more imminent here than elsewhere. Some held aloft a shoe, or fragment of clothing, and asked for owners; others called the names of articles lost. Some were so hilarious with the excitement of the crush, and insensible to the sufferings of their neighbours, that they made jokes, and were merry. As yet there was no solemnity; the only solemn face I had yet noticed was that of the well-known chief of the detective police: he stood alone, searching the crowd with his keen eyes, at the entrance, for those who had no business there, but were there nevertheless.

Presently we advanced through gloom into dead blackness. So it seemed to eyes fresh from the light. But certain keen-eyed policemen there, whose voices sounded as if they saw in the dark, detected one or



THE LATE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—FROM A MINIATURE BY SIR GEORGE HAYTER. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)



MEDAL OF THE LATE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, BY PINCHES.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

allowed twenty or thirty or more men and women to rush or rather to be thrown vehemently forward by the unsolenn mob of people in crape and mourning behind. These in, he shouted "down with the barrier," and it was let down or forced down upon those who would not or could not remain upright, but who stooping, were crushed to the ground and were dragged through beneath by the constables within.

While they were thus hauling in the prostrate or half-suffocated from the western current, another officer, not in uniform, who, like the other, stood aloft, hanging to a pillar of timber, by one arm, and gesticulating with the other, shouted to his men who held the barrier against the current from the east to, "up

more thieves. What became of the thieves, I know not; I only heard them detected.

But now there was a glimmer of light ahead of the hot crowd seen as through a tunnel. And now men took off their hats, and the crowd moved slowly, black, and silent. The policemen who stood in dark recesses now spoke in subdued voices, if they spoke at all. As we advanced, we penetrated to a deeper solemnity, but there was more light. Darkness is not solemn with thieves, detectives, fainting women, and a stifling atmosphere around you. But on gaining the outer hall, lined with Life-Guardsmen in full-dress, resting on their swords, their white plumes, bright helmets, and scarlet uniform relieving the blackness of the draped walls—the glittering trophy overhead in centre of the aggregated ensigns of vanquished armies—silence all round—here the visitor for the first time that day felt that he was in a solemn presence, befitting the confined Duke of Wellington. On ordinary occasions the visitor sees in the hall forty-six standards, and in the chapel fifty-five. Most of these are now before us: they include thirty-four old French, taken before the close of the war in 1762, in which the French lost Canada; thirteen American; four Dutch; and thirteen tricolors, with the eagle on each, indicating the period of Napoleon and Wellington. Of these, two came from Waterloo, two from Salamanca, four from the West Indies, two from Madrid, and one from Barossa.



"Where is it?" this we all ask ourselves; yet, no voice is heard. Some words are spoken by a conch-like, low and soft, as if he stood by a deep bed, such as "Up the steps, if you please."

Softly we ascend the steps to the great hall, trading upon thick cloth and musing that we may be needless. We can see hangings of black, crimson, and gold; the black relieved by silver lines and loops, with brilliant lights in the western distance; rows of grenadiers, twenty-five on each side of the hall, resting on their arms reversed (the muzzle of the musket on the ground, the palms of their hands on the brass of the butt-end); and all along, before the tall grenadiers, are groups of candles several feet higher than the tallest of the men, all burning amid shadows of gloomy magnificence.

What have we seen like this before? Has it been the imitation of a grand solemnity in some theatre; or a still grander reality in a Christian temple? Are those low voices, which break the silence, and yet make you feel it to be the more profound, the muttering of religious ministers upon the altar at one of the most impressive of devotional services? No; this is like none of these. This has had no parallel. It is its life: the last tribute to Wellington, all but that which is to be paid by a nation, earnest in grief alike as in gratitude, on his burial-day. And is there a want of solemnity in that low mutter of the police? Not to my ears. There he lies—whose voice was one of command longer than that of any mortal man known to us; whose most glorious achievements were on the performance of duty—whose estimate of duty was to obey, to command, and to be obeyed. There he lies!—silent for evermore in this world! What so fit a sound to be heard on this day, in this place, as that melancholy fragment of command, that echo of duty, "Move on!"

But before we move the reader on, let a brief glance be taken at some of the details. The grenadiers we perceive standing motionless, are fifty in number. Seated near to the coffin are four officers of rank in full uniform, with deep black scarves. Two wardens of the Tower stand with silk flags beside the officers; and several more with their halberds are seen half-enfolded among the gorgeous decorations and black hangings. The gorgeous coffin is raised about eight feet above the floor of the hall, so that the tallest of us, unfortunately, cannot discern the ornaments or inscriptions on its top. The prevailing colours on it and about it are crimson, scarlet, gold, silver, blue, and the brilliant sparkling of diamonds. The coffin is large, massive, and noble, as the man to whom it is the mortal monument; on several small tablets lie the various Field-Marshal's batons, stars, collars, and crosses, the gifts of nearly every European country, to mark the gratitude of Kings served and nations saved. The blaze of light emitted by these, and the gorgeous splendour which here shines all around, affects the eye and bewilders the mind too much to enable you to note down a correct detail of them all at one visit. The police repeat the command "Move on!"

We move on. If there be disappointment here in anything, it is that we must pass a way with so brief, so bare a glimpse of that coffin, and those collected honours of an illustrious life which lie around it. We moved to the left on entering this hall; then to the right; and, again turning to the right, we have the catafalque upon our left. It will be depicted in this Paper by those permitted to have a closer and more lengthened view. We, for the present, pass on as desired, and gladdened are we to breathe fresh air as we make our exit along this rudely-constructed gangway, through which a cloud of steam follows us from the head multitude within the hospital.

And now comes another crush and battle; now is the end of all solemnity. We are thrown into the advancing current from the steam-boats, and the west, which here approaches by the western section of the Queen's road, advancing to hold on, after it has over-ruled us, with the sullen, angry crowd which has been many hours advancing from the east. How unhappy reminded are we of a sarcasm attributed to him whose coffin we have seen, that "there are not ten Generals in the service, who, having 10,000 men in Hyde Park, would know how to get them out again."

We escape, and remark to a lady who has shared with us all the crush and scramble, that up to this hour, of all the noises, conversations, or exclamations, we have not heard Wellington named, nor any allusion made to him, not in all the hours from three in the morning to twelve at noon. So much has suffering and self-occupied every one. Here, however, are some prisoners, where crowds are contending for the privilege of paying for refreshments; let us take refuge with them. This we have done. A veteran Irishman is the first to mention Wellington. He says to me:—

"Well, Sir, did you get in yet?"  
"Yes, I have been in; but should not like to go again."  
"Sure there never was such a wake as this! Oh, now, if there was the whisky and tobacco, and the snuff on his coffin that an Irishman should have, it would be a real, right good wake as ever was seen."  
Still the steam-boats and cabs, omnibuses, and every street leading to Chelsea, poured in their hourly-increasing numbers. Thousands upon thousands, hopeless of success, went away as soon as they arrived, or remained to struggle for two, or three, or four, or more hours, and depart in disappointment at last.

Hour by hour the crowds became more dense—the pressure more severe—the screams of women more frequent. I obtained access to a balcony, and looked down upon the conflicting currents which lay between me and the place of exit. Women hung to the railings, and were crushed, or fell, and were trampled on; children were held aloft; and, in some cases, were in mercy thrown over the railings, upon the green grass. Presently, a grey-haired woman was carried in the arms of some men into the public-house below me: she was spoken of as dead; but I ascertained that she recovered, and walked away; which, probably, being the case with others who, like her, had fainted may reduce the actual number of fatal casualties to less than was then announced and believed. Two women—Charlotte Cook, servant in the household of Mr. Bethel, Q.C.; and Mrs. Bean, wife of Mr. Bean, of Cumberland-market, Regent's Park—were taken from the crowd dead. Many were severely injured, most of the injuries occurring at that point of conflict which I have so frequently named.

It was at last decided, about one o'clock, to throw a barrier across the western section of the Queen's-road, to prevent the passage of the crowd eastward. But, with a singular want of common sense, to say nothing of sense, this was done, not where it would have protected the people making their exit from the Hospital, but immediately adjoining where it exposed them to the crush of the mob from the west, and compelled them to face and fight with that crowd, to be trampled upon, or half suffocated, without the possibility of escape but by sheer physical force.

From nine o'clock to half-past five, at which the doors were closed, the number of persons who were reported by the police as having passed through was 46,834, a prodigious number, if the inadequacy of the arrangements be taken into account; yet not more than a fourth part, perhaps, of the whole of the well-dressed visitors who attempted to get in.

On Sunday, the 14th, Chelsea was visited by large numbers of people, although there was no admission to the Hospital. The rumours which had spread all over London of many fatal accidents having occurred on Saturday, together with the popular curiosity to look upon the place where lay the body of the Great Duke, even on the outside, caused many thousands of people to throng the streets and steam-boats.

On Monday the multitudes which gathered within half a mile of the Hospital were hardly less than on Saturday; but the barriers were more numerous, and better arranged; the adverse motion of crowds was avoided; and though there was some crushing, there were no serious disasters. The doors were kept open until about half-past eight o'clock, up to which time, according to the police returns, the amazing number of 79,699 persons had passed through the narrow passages. It had been formally announced that the doors would remain open until midnight. This attracted large numbers of women, shopmen, and others to Chelsea at a late hour. In a deluge of rain they waited their turn of admission in the outside crowds, but were at last mortified to find that faith was broken—that the doors were closed, and they must return to their homes soaked to the skin and disappointed.

During the night of Monday the Commissioners of Police caused placards to be posted all over London, announcing that the doors of Chelsea Hospital would be closed on Tuesday at four, and on Wednesday at five o'clock. This was intended to prevent the disappointment which occurred on Monday evening, when it was expected that the doors would remain open until midnight. It appeared that this announcement only excited the public to ride or run, push, crush, and struggle the more eagerly. Throughout Tuesday steam-boats and streets were crowded, and dense masses of people, many of them well-dressed women, stood in the approaches to the Hospital drenched to the skin with rain. The doors were not closed until after five, it being almost impossible to cut off the eager crowds at the hour originally named. The numbers admitted were stated to be 58,448. As happened on the previous days, there were some fractured limbs, contusions, and many fainting women.

A coroner's jury sat throughout the day (having adjourned from Monday), inquiring into the circumstances of the death of Mrs. Bean and Charlotte Cook, who died in the crowd of Saturday. A verdict was re-

turned of "Accidental death," accompanied by the expression of regret that better arrangements had not been made by the police to prevent accidents.

During the evidence, in reference to the admission of people by the Queen's-road from the west, which we have so pointedly censured in the narrative of Saturday's incidents, Sir R. Mayne said:—

It was Superintendent Pearce, who, in consequence of the immense number of persons who came to the place from steam-boats, directed that a number of persons should be admitted from the west. Under the circumstances I think it was a wise direction. I must at this time frankly acknowledge that the number of persons who came far exceeded my expectations. Last night, although the place was kept open until nine o'clock, considerable force was then necessary to prevent persons entering. I wish to state the number of persons who have already visited the Hospital, which were as follows:—Friday, from nine to five o'clock, 10,800; Saturday, from nine to six o'clock, 56,834; Monday, from nine to nine o'clock, 69,799.

He afterwards stated the police force which was at different times employed on Saturday to have been as follows:—

From half-past eight, before the opening of the building, there were present, including two superintendents and seven inspectors, a body of police numbering 225; at half-past twelve, an addition of 161; at half-past one, 54 more; five minutes after, 53; at two, 107; and at three, 159; making a total present during the day of 754. On Monday the total number of police in attendance was 990, which, together with men in plain clothes, made a force of about 1,000 men. Besides these there were 500 men in reserve.

He then stated as a reason why he did not expect such crowds, that—

The whole of the police at the funeral of William IV. amounted to 100, and the total at the funeral of the Duke of Sussex was 130. I was not prepared for anything like the number of persons who were present on this occasion.

The homage of a nation to the Duke of Wellington to be estimated by the feeble curiosity to see the funerals of two personages so little known to the nation, in the character of public servants, as the Duke of York and his brother, amiable, simple Sussex! Why, more visitors to London have come by the railways, to see the mighty Duke's coffin than all London and Britain furnished as spectators to any Royal funeral, or all the Royal funerals put together, since any living man was born!

#### WEDNESDAY—REMOVAL OF THE BODY.

On Wednesday the ceremonial was visited by a greater number of persons than on either of the preceding days. At the early hour of half-past seven, Viscount Hardinge came to pay a farewell visit to the remains of his honoured chief. A large number of officers of the higher grade also attended. The Marquis of Exeter, as Lord Chamberlain, was present officially. Many of the Ambassadors, and almost all the foreign officers about to appear in the funeral procession, likewise availed themselves of this last opportunity for evincing their respectful regard to the illustrious dead. When these had retired, the detachments from the various regiments were admitted. At nine o'clock the lying in state was opened to the general public: an intense interest pervaded a vast assemblage of spectators who had congregated from the earliest hour from all quarters of the metropolis. We are happy to say that no accident of any serious complexion occurred. About 55,800 (as near as could be ascertained by the police under the circumstances) passed into the building before three o'clock; and at five o'clock it was finally closed; after which the present Duke of Wellington, with the Duchess, and several members of his family, paid a visit to the hall after it was closed to the public, and remained for some time in contemplation of the scene.

A succession of visitors, who were also privately admitted, continued to arrive until preparations began to be made for removing the body to the Horse Guards. Soon after nine the hearse, accompanied by five mourning coaches, came down to the Hospital. They were followed shortly afterwards by a guard of honour, composed of a squadron of the 1st Life Guards. At a quarter past eleven the mournful procession set out, and proceeded down Smith-street, along King's-road, Chelsea, Westbourne-place, Eaton-square, Grosvenor-street West, and by that line of road into St. James's Park, through which it passed to its destination. On its arrival at the Horse Guards, the Duke's remains were deposited, until the final removal on Thursday morning, in the Audience Chamber.

#### TEMPLE-BAR, DECORATED FOR THE DUKE'S FUNERAL.

The funeral decorations at this well-known City barrier were on a magnificent scale. Temple-Bar was transformed for the occasion into a vast Roman decorated funeral arch. Two immense curtains of black cloth, each with a sweep of 30 feet, opened and disclosed in the centre of the Bar a superb area of cloth of gold, 24 feet high and 15 feet wide. Under this cloth of gold were emblazoned, in gorgeous colours, the arms of the Duke of Wellington. The central curtains were supported on each side by a large podium. On the summit of each podium was placed a huge funeral urn, silvered. In the centre of both podia, below the urn, were military arms and trophies, in silver, upon a black ground of velvet.

A rich, deep silver cornice ran along the top story of the arch, eighteen inches deep; and another silver cornice marked the second story. Within the arch the walls were draped with black cloth, with a white edging, and a fringe of silver and white. Down the north and south sides of the arch, over the pathway for pedestrians, the black curtain was edged with white, with a rich valance and fringe of silver and white, with pendent tassels.

Upon the summit of the Bar was placed, both on the east and west fronts, a very large funeral urn, silvered. Behind the urn were placed, in an oval, ten silvered flambeaux, each five feet high, and of classic proportions. These formed a prominent and novel feature in the decorations.

The deep black of the large central curtains was relieved by several monograms of the Duke, the letter W being enclosed in an oval of laurel. Above, and suspended from the laurel wreaths, were the Duke's Orders of the Garter, the Bath, the Golden Fleece, &c.

The whole of the ornaments and decorations were composed of papier maché, gilt in silver.

Temple-Bar, architecturally speaking, may be divided into two stories. The lower was draped with black velvet, and the upper with black cloth, except the podia, which were covered with black velvet, relieved by the silver trophies before described.

Temple-Bar, then, appeared as a funeral arch; but all the decorations were emblematical of triumph, as well as of mourning, and indicated not only the warrior, but the victor. The black cloth and velvet, richly relieved by the silver ornaments, urns, flambeaux, and trophies, produced an effect of rich but chaste solemnity, admirably adapted to give impressiveness to the entry of the magnificent funeral procession into the City of London.

A dense crowd congregated around Temple-Bar on Wednesday, rendering it almost impassable.

The fitting-up and arrangement of the decorations were entrusted to, and ably executed by, Messrs. Herring and Son, of Fleet-street, upholsterers to the City of London.

#### THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, AFTER A MINIATURE BY SIR G. HAYTER.

We have been favoured with the permission of Sir George Hayter, to engrave the very beautiful miniature, painted for the Duke of Wellington, and presented by the latter to his mother, the Countess of Mornington, by whom it was always greatly prized. It is admirable for its quiet, gentlemanly expression, and also for the manly character of the features. Sir George Hayter had relinquished the practice of miniature painting, previously to his going to Rome, where in 1821, he was applied to by the Duke to paint his likeness, an honour too high to be foregone. We understand that the artist has a copy of it.

#### MEDAL OF THE LATE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

This fine medal has been struck for Mr. Mitchell, of Old Bond-street, by Pinches, from a proof of Count D'Orsay's portrait of the Duke of Wellington, touched by the Count, under the superintendence of Sir Edwin Landseer, and considered to have been thereby greatly improved.

It may be mentioned, as evidence of the Duke's own estimation of this picture, that, having desired a gentleman who solicited from his Grace a portrait, with his signature, to choose one, the Duke expressed much dissatisfaction at his choice; and, on being requested himself to select one, he presented the applicant with a copy of Count D'Orsay's portrait, affixing to it his autograph.

#### OBITUARY OF EMINENT PERSONS RECENTLY DECEASED.

##### ANNE, DOWAGER LADY CASTLEMAINE.



Her Ladyship died at Athlone, on the 4th inst., after a protracted illness, at the advanced age of 84. She was daughter of the late Arthur French, Esq., of French Park, M.P. for county Roscommon; and aunt, consequently, of Lord De Freyne. Her marriage with the Hon. Richard

Handcock, who became afterwards Baron Castlemaine, and died in 1840, took place on the 13th November, 1790; and its issue consisted of nine sons and three daughters, of whom several are dead. The eldest of the former is the present Lord Castlemaine. The deceased Lady was a kind and unostentatious benefactress of the poor.

##### SIR WILLIAM EARLE WELBY, BART., OF DENTON HALL, CO. LINCOLN.



This venerable Baronet died on the 3d inst., at Denton Hall, after a very short illness, aged 83. He formerly represented, in three Parliaments, the borough of Grantham, in the vicinity of which town he resided, at his fine mansion of Denton. The Welbys are a very ancient Lincolnshire family, and their names occur as High Sheriffs and Knights of the Shire among the earliest records of the county. The name is territorial, being derived from the Lordship of "Welby," near Grantham, of which the deceased Baronet was Lord of the Manor and chief owner of the soil. Sir William was only son of Sir William Earle Welby, Bart., M.P., by Penelope, his wife, daughter of Sir John Glynn, Bart., of Hawarden Castle, county Flint, and succeeded to the title at his father's decease in 1815; married, 30th August, 1792, Wilhelmina, only daughter and heiress of William Spry, Esq., Governor of Barbadoes, and by her (who died 4th February, 1847) had issue three sons and seven daughters. Of the former, the eldest—now Sir Glynn Earle Welby, third Baronet, M.P. for Grantham, and Lieut.-Colonel of the South Lincoln Militia—is married to Frances, daughter of the late Sir Montague Cholmeley, Bart., by whom he has several children.

Sir William, whose death we record, was esteemed and beloved alike by the highest and the humblest, not only in his immediate neighbourhood, and over his own extensive estates, but by all who admired the character, which they recognised in him, of the true old English country gentleman.

##### LIEUTENANT-GENERAL CAULFEILD, C.B., M.P.

The lamented death of this gallant officer has created a vacancy in the East India direction, as well as in the representation of Abingdon.

General Caulfeild was born 26th January, 1786; the youngest son of the Venerable John Caulfeild, Archdeacon of Kilmore, a lineal descendant of the first Viscount Charlemont. He entered the military service of the East India Company in 1799, and attained, eventually, the rank of Lieutenant-General. During his sojourn in the East, he filled several political appointments; and, since his return, was elected, in 1848, to a seat at the Board of Directors. His work on the "Government of India," and his "Letters on the Afghan War," attracted a good deal of attention. He twice unsuccessfully contested Abingdon; but was returned in July last. His principles were Whig.

General Caulfeild married, first, 14th December, 1814, Letitia, daughter of Lieut.-General H. Stafford; and, secondly, Annie Rachel, daughter of the late Major Blake, of the Indian army. By the former he leaves a son, John Palmer, an officer in the East India Company's military service; and, by the latter, four sons and a daughter.

##### THE DUKE OF LEUCHTENBERG.

His Imperial Highness, Maximilian Joseph Eugene Augustus Napoleon, Duke of Leuchtenberg, and Prince of Eichstätt, was the younger of the two sons of the famous Prince Eugene Beauharnais, son of the Empress Josephine, adopted son of her husband Napoleon, and uncle of the Emperor now about to be. Prince Eugene married the 21st June, 1788, Augusta Amelia, daughter of Maximilian, King of Bavaria, and had six children, two sons and four daughters. Of the daughters, three survive, viz., the present Queen of Sweden, the Empress Dowager of Brazil, and the Countess Theodolinda, wife of Count William of Wurtemberg. The other daughter, the Sovereign Princess of Hohenzollern-Hechingen, died the 1st September, 1847. Of Prince Eugene's two sons, the elder, Augustus, was his successor, the 21st Feb., 1824, in the Dukedom of Leuchtenberg. This Prince Augustus, Duke of Leuchtenberg, married, the 26th January, 1835, the present Queen of Portugal, but died without issue in little more than two months afterwards. He was succeeded by his brother, Prince Maximilian, the subject of this notice, who was born the 2nd October, 1817; and married, the 14th July, 1839, the Grand Duchess Maria, eldest daughter of the present Emperor of Russia, by which Princess he has four sons and two daughters.

Prince Maximilian, who by his marriage into the family of the Czar, obtained for himself and his issue the title of Imperial Highness, was a Lieutenant-General in the Russian service, and Aide-de-camp General to the Emperor Nicholas; he was also President of the Academy of Arts at St. Petersburg. Prince Maximilian died on the 5th instant, and is succeeded in his Dukedom and other honours, by his eldest son, Nicholas Maximilianowitch, a youth of nine years of age, who is the present Duke of Leuchtenberg and Prince of Eichstätt.

##### COLONEL HENRY BRUEN, M.P., OF OAK PARK, COUNTY CARLOW.

The death of Colonel Bruen occurred at his seat, Oak Park, on the 5th instant. He was in his sixty-second year. He entered public life at an early period, having been returned to Parliament as the representative of his native county in the year 1812, which position he occupied, with the exception of a brief interval, up to the period of his death. As a public man, he possessed that indomitable energy and fearless bearing, coupled with a highly-cultivated mind, which commanded the respect of his opponents, and won the esteem and sincere attachment of his friends; and he discharged the various duties of a country gentleman, when freed from the cares of parliamentary life, with zeal and impartiality. In politics he was moderate in his views, and tolerant to all in his religious opinions, which was abundantly manifested by his support of the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, 1829.

Colonel Bruen received his education with Sir Robert Peel, Lord Byron, and some of the greatest statesmen and scholars of the age, at Harrow; and he subsequently graduated at Oxford, where he was early distinguished for his classical acquirements, his taste for literature, and love of antiquarian research, for which, in after years, he was remarkable.

Colonel Bruen married Anne, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Kavanagh, Esq., of Borris, M.P., and is succeeded in his extensive estates by his son, Henry Bruen, Esq. The family fortune was originally acquired in India.

HEALTH OF THE METROPOLIS.—Last week the total number of deaths registered in the metropolitan districts was 1022. The births of 691 boys and 759 girls, in all 1450 children, were registered in London.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.—At the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, the mean height of the barometer in the week was 29.759 in. On Tuesday the mean daily reading was 29.625 in. The mean daily temperature was above the average of the respective days in ten years on every day of the week except Saturday. It was highest on Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, when it was 56 deg. and 55 deg., which is 10 or 12 degrees above the average; it declined to 48 deg. on Wednesday and Thursday, and to 45 deg. on Saturday. The mean temperature of the week was 51.2 deg. or about 6 deg. above the average. The wind was in the south-west on the first three days, and generally in the north-east afterwards. The amount of rain that fell in the week was 2.10 in.



## THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S FUNERAL.—

## THE PROCESSION AND FUNERAL OBSEQUIES.

(From our own Reporter.)

WITH feelings still subject to the solemn influence of the occasion, we take up the pen to record the leading features and incidents of one of the most impressive ceremonies ever witnessed in this country; one which, if the moral and personal considerations involved be considered, may be said to have surpassed in significant grandeur any similar tribute to greatness ever offered in the world.

On Thursday, "the most honourable tomb this country can give," closed over the remains of a man, the greatest, the most illustrious, the most distinguished for the manly virtues, this age has produced; closed not only amidst the most gloriously solemn pomp of funeral obsequies, of military and civil display, of Royalty and the chivalry of the land mourning the mighty dead; but with that still more glorious accord of human sympathy which nor Royalty nor chivalry can command, if they be not of the best and the noblest—a manifestation of respect and interest so magnificent, so unparalleled in its extent and intensity, as to symbolise for the departed an earthly immortality of fame. It is not yet that the full weight and value of this last tribute to the illustrious warrior and civilian whose remains were on Thursday consigned to their resting-place, can be fully appreciated, or even understood. We are too near, to grasp its largeness—too sensitively conscious of its attendant circumstances—to be able yet to gauge its intensity. We have too much thought of late on the mere machinery of that solemn display and miraculous gathering; too much anatomised the means by which it was brought together, to conceive in one great thought or in one pervading emotion its real moral grandeur. Time alone will determine its proportions, will hallow it with its refining and elevating influence, and establish it as one of the most impressive facts in our modern history. For the gratitude of the British people to the man who saved the nation had already been exhibited in every attainable form; the very fountains of honour had been exhausted; the more solid and tangible rewards had been lavished with a profusion befitting the infinity and unfathomable depth of national feeling. All these things had been done, and yet custom had not blunted the ardour of the public sense of duty, no more than time and advancing age had lessened in the illustrious deceased the will and the power to serve his country, or the marvellous variety of that service. There remained yet but one form in which this gratitude and veneration could give itself expression, till history came to find her office anticipated; and that last sad resource was on Thursday exhausted by the hundreds of thousands who attended to do honour to the remains of Wellington—of him who in life could never think he had served his country too much or too well. Of all the tributes paid to that great man during his long and illustrious career, none approached in real moral significance to that which attended his funeral obsequies—not in that grand display which can be commanded by power for any object, but in that which can never be called forth except by illustrious deeds and exalted virtues.

We have promised to give the reader some of the leading features and incidents of this memorable event—grand and beautiful as a pageant, touching and impressive in its attendant circumstances. In doing so, we must enter into many details, describe many matters of mere ceremonial, such as are dictated by Court or heraldic etiquette. It will be seen, however, as we go along, that even those details have their peculiar significance, and were connected directly with the great character and services of the illustrious man in memory of whom they were prepared. Ordinary men may derive a reflected honour from these pompous relics of the past, these official homages of the powers of civil and military Government; but in the case of the Duke of Wellington they no longer exercised such power, for there was not a service—one or two minor ones excepted—represented in this solemn pageant that had not been illustrated by his personal aid during his long and active life; so that even in death the recollection of his great career paled the honours expressly designed to enhance his fame.

It is, of course, by this time known to our readers that the remains of the Duke were removed on Wednesday night to the room in the Horse Guards, known as the Audience Hall, the scene of so much of the most valuable service of his later life. The preparations for its final removal had, in the meantime, steadily gone on—steadily, but with a rapidity quite marvellous. The tent under which the gigantic funeral car that formed the most conspicuous object in the procession of Thursday, was prepared, had concealed the labours of those engaged in its erection. The mere manufacture of this car has been a wonderful proof of English capacity, such as the deceased himself was always one of the first to honour. Those who saw it in its full magnificence in the funeral pageant, would scarcely believe, what is stated on authority, that but three weeks elapsed from the first making of the drawing or plan by Mr. Redgrave, and the final completion of that massive and elaborate moving fabric. It was the object of universal admiration, even as it was drawn along with sufficient rapidity to prevent a scrutiny of its design. A contemporary, writing from a close observation, speaks of "the lions' heads projecting from the bosses of the wheels—the gracefully conventionalized figures of Victory which fill the intervals between the flanges—the magnificent dolphins, symbolical of maritime supremacy, playfully wrought out along the spokes, and the reliefs of the sword sheathed in laurel, which are repeated on either side; the magnificent casting of the Duke's arms in bronze, which stands in front of the car—the rich platform of gilding on which the bier rests—the sumptuous pall, powdered with silver embroideries—and the not less superb canopy of silver tissue, after an Indian pattern, manufactured with unexampled rapidity and skill by Keith and Co., of Wood-street. In the contemplation of these objects, however, we trust that the main ideas on which the car has been designed will not be forgotten—that it was to be in form adapted to the purpose which it was intended to serve—that its character was to be military as well as solemn and funereal, and that the greatness of the man whose remains it carried was to be typified in its size and grandeur."

Upon the summit of this magnificent car, which seemed more like a moving temple, the coffin containing the Duke's remains was placed, immediately before the procession was ready to move; and, the tent being withdrawn, the military paid to the remains of their ancient chieftain the customary honours. By eight o'clock, the advanced guard of the procession, which had formed on the Parade, was in motion across the Park.

The procession itself combined almost every symbol of military and civil greatness. Its constituent elements represented every branch of the public service of this great nation; and, numerous as these representatives were, it may truly be said that there was not one who had not a right to be present, or whose absence would not have compromised the unity and derogated from the grandeur of the ceremonial. In determining on the component parts, and arranging the order of the procession, the authorities appear to have been unconsciously influenced by the spirit of the illustrious man whose memory it was designed to honour, for it partook of the character of his mind. All that was necessary and right was there; but nothing too much, nothing superfluous, or that was not demanded by the occasion. Nor was this the only respect in which the pageant itself was in harmony with the character of the deceased Duke. In its variety, in the number and distinction of those of whom it was composed, it typified his gigantic re-

nown and multifarious services. As every new object passed the eye, as the representatives of regiments, the standard-bearers, the artillery, the high officers of State, the Ministers, the civil, and even the civic functionaries, the delegates from Universities, from the local administration of the outposts, from the Trinity House, more especially as the noblemen and warriors dispatched by foreign Sovereigns to take part in the ceremonial, came up. As all these parts of the lengthy pageant slowly moved along, in their order and their places, you were irresistibly reminded that there was scarcely one service or department, civil or military, of which the Duke had not been a distinguished, if not the most distinguished member. Thus, every part of the procession was suggestive; and, as a whole, it constituted a symbolical history of his great, but eminently useful career.

Before describing the preparations made on the line of route, and the aspect of the assembled multitudes, a few words will usefully illustrate the character of the procession, as referred to already, and show that it had a claim on the admiration and respect of the public, altogether beyond its grandeur and beauty as a pageant.

Preceded by six battalions of infantry, whose appointed duty it was to line the carriage-road in the city of London itself, came the band of the second battalion of the Rifle Brigade, followed immediately by the battalion itself, playing the "Dead March in Saul;" the band of the first battalion of the Royal Marines, of the Chatham division, the first battalion of the Royal Marines; the band of the 33d (the "Duke's own regiment"), and that regiment itself. Of those who served in it under the Duke, perhaps few, if any, remain alive, and were present on Thursday—a striking memento of the advanced age and iron endurance of that wonderful old man who had thus outlived his own troops. After these came battalions of the Fusilier and Coldstream Guards, and the 1st battalion of the Grenadier Guards, preceded by the bands of the two first regiments. The first of these troops were under the command of Major-General Fane; the latter, under that of Major-General Shaw. After these came the Artillery band, followed by nine guns of the field batteries, calling to mind the benefit conferred by the Duke on this branch of our service, while officially controller of the department. Then came five squadrons of cavalry—17th Lancers, 13th Light Dragoons, 8th Hussars, the Scots Greys, and the 8th Dragoon Guards, with the bands of the four first regiments. The cavalry were under the command of Major-General Jackson. To these succeeded eight guns of the Horse Artillery, commanded by Colonel Whynates, C.B. Then came the band of the 1st Life Guards, followed by squadrons of the Horse Guards (Blues), the 2d Life Guards, and the 1st Life Guards, all commanded by Major-General the Hon. H. Cavendish. The whole of the troops employed in the procession, and in the maintenance of order, were under the general command of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge.

Thus preceded, the procession crossed the Park, and went by Constitution-hill, through the great Arch, by Apsley House, along Piccadilly and Cockspur-street, to Charing-cross. The aspect of the route, and the reception of the procession on its way, will be given below.

At Charing-cross the continuity of the procession was broken (as also we break our narrative), in order to admit the Chelsea pensioners (in number 83), who here fell into the rank. The appearance of these veterans, in their broad long red cloaks and staves, many of them tottering with age and infirmity, their weather-beaten faces bearing traces of sombre thoughts, and even of recent grief, was one of the most touching incidents in the day's proceedings. It may be mentioned, in passing, that although the reverent feeling of the public naturally precluded all expression whatever of feeling during the day, these fine old men, and the associations excited by their presence at the funeral of their deceased chief, created a sympathy that could not be repressed; and, as they passed along, they were saluted at various points with marks of warm approbation.

Resuming the order of the procession; as it advanced from Charing-cross, following these pensioners and twelve enrolled pensioners, came a body of men, consisting of one soldier from each regiment in her Majesty's service, with three soldiers of artillery and three of infantry of the East India Company's Service, representing the artillery and infantry of the three Presidencies. Here was a cento, as it were, of the Duke of Wellington's military exploits; for there were few of those regiments that had not been under his personal command on the battlefield, although of the men then composing them so few remain.

As we are not here giving a repetition of the official programme, let us come to the next instances of what we would call the representative character of the procession. As the carriage passed containing the Lieutenant and Deputy-Lieutenant of the Tower, the spectators were reminded of the long service of the Duke as Constable of that ancient fortress; and, after the deputations from the Merchant Taylors' Company and the East India Company (this last how suggestive of the earliest and not the least brilliant portion of the career of the deceased!)—after these had gone slowly by on their way, came the deputation from the Trinity House, of which the Duke was Master; from the Cinque Ports, with the commanders of the several castles on the coast, representative of the Duke's long and active service as Lord Warden; and the deputation from the Ordnance Department, which recalled him to mind as having been its Master-General; and, scarcely had the carriage of this deputation passed, when that of the deputation from the University of Oxford came up, reminding us of the Duke's having acted for so many years, and up to the very day of his death, as its Chancellor.

When the procession, up to this point, had passed through Temple-bar, it was joined by three deputations from the City—that of the Common Council, the Recorder and the Aldermen, and subsequently, the Lord Mayor himself. According to the programme, the first of these followed after the deputation from Oxford University. The turn of the other two came at intervals nearer the post of honour.

On these succeeded the band of the 6th Dragoon Guards, which, like the other bands, played at intervals; then the beautiful, snow-white, emblazoned banner, called "the Guidon," carried by a Lieut.-Colonel, supported by two Captains, on horseback; then certain members of the late Duke's household; then the Chaplains of the Tower, of the Forces (London), and the Chaplain-General of the Forces; then the High Sheriff of the county of Southampton (of which his Grace was Lord-Lieutenant); then fell in, as already mentioned, the Recorder and Aldermen of London, and with them the Sheriffs; then the Military Secretary; then a brilliant array of Companions of the Bath; General Sir Loftus Otway, Vice-Admiral the Honorable Jocelyne Percy, Lieutenant-General Sandwich, Sir Joshua Rowe; then, Knights-Commanders of the same Order—Earl Cathcart, Admiral Sir John West, Lieutenant-General Sir Hopetoun Scott, and Sir George Bonham; then Knights Grand Cross of the Order, Sir Edward Blake, Sir George Cockburn, Sir George Pollock, and Lord Palmerston—all these men, distinguished in military or civil service, calling to mind the high position the Duke of Wellington held in that order of Knighthood; and then, after the Band of the 2d Life Guards, the Banner of Wellesley, carried by a Lieutenant-Colonel, supported by two Captains in the Army, on horseback.

Now came up a portion of the procession which was most interesting to the public and most honourable to the deceased. Who had contributed more signally than Arthur Duke of Wellington to give stability to our laws and institutions? To whose memory could the Judges of the land and the Ministers of State more fitly do honour? Such were the feelings created in the mind, as the carriages passed of the various Judges, of the Judges of Appeal, of the Chief Baron, the Chief Justices of the Queen's Bench and Common

Pleas, and of the Master of the Rolls. And then came the Ministers of State. Preceded by the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, came Mr. Disraeli, the Chancellor of the Exchequer; then the Paymaster of the Forces, the Judge-Advocate-General, the Master-General of the Ordnance, the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Home and Colonial Secretaries, the Speaker of the House of Commons, the Earl of Malmesbury (the Foreign Secretary), the Earl of Derby (the Prime Minister), the Earl Marshal, the Lord Chamberlain, the Lord Privy Seal, the Lord President, the Archbishop of York, the Lord Chancellor, and the Archbishop of Canterbury. It could not escape the attention of the observant spectator, that of the Ministerial officers here enumerated, the deceased Duke had himself filled nearly all the more important, from that of Prime Minister downwards: another silent testimony to the universality of his services.

It was following the Archbishop of Canterbury that the Lord Mayor of London, below Temple-bar, took his place in the procession; followed, as it went on, by certain military officers immediately under the late Duke at the Horse Guards.

Approaching the end of this enormous procession, we now see, preceded by a carriage containing some of the Prince's household, the carriage of his Royal Highness Prince Albert—he who so often took counsel of the Duke in his lifetime, and was bound to him by ties of almost domestic regard. And, soon after, comes up the Great Banner of England, carried by a Colonel, supported by two Lieut.-Colonels on horseback; fitly preceding that most interesting part of the procession which consisted of the special envoys of foreign states in whose armies the deceased Duke had held the Marshal's bâton, and each bearing the respective bâton for his country—the envoys of Spain, Russia, Prussia, Portugal, Holland, and Hanover. Pity that one state, and that one more indebted than any other to Wellington for deliverance, should have withheld its representative.

Coming close after these—and in the post of all others he would most have desired, because nearest the mortal remains of the illustrious warrior, of whom he was the oldest, or nearly the oldest, companion in arms—was the Marquis of Anglesea, supported by the Dukes of Richmond and Cleveland, bearing with him, in his mourning coach, on a black velvet cushion, the Duke's bâton as a Field-Marshal of England.

There was but a coach, with gentlemen ushers bearing the coronet of the Duke, between these Marshal's bâtons and the car, on which was borne aloft the coffin of the man who had earned them, and so many other distinctions by his prowess, and so many civil honours and places of trust by his wisdom and inflexible integrity. Of this car we have already given a slight description. It far exceeded in size, design, and beauty, anything of the kind to which we have been accustomed in this country, and was the object of such admiration as could arise in the mind at sight of the mortal remains of the hero, in whose honour all this solemn pageantry had been conceived.

Next came the Chief Mourner, the present Duke; Lord Charles Wellesley, the Hon. and Rev. Gerald Wellesley, and the Hon. William Wellesley; the Marquis of Salisbury and the Marquis of Tweeddale as assistants of the Chief Mourner. And closely on these, led by the Duke's groom, came his favourite horse, with the military boots of the deceased, reversed; then another body of men selected from each regiment in the service; and then another horse of the Duke's; then the carriages of her Majesty; the Duchesses of Gloucester, Kent, and Cambridge; and finally, a squadron of the Blues closed this ever-memorable pageant, which had combined every possible element of honour to the deceased.

Hitherto we have said nothing of the public. The reader will doubtless preserve a recollection of the character of the pageant as he peruses the few lines we have penned on the aspect of the line through which the procession passed.

It would scarcely be too much to say, that London never yet was in such a state of ferment and excitement as during the few days previous to the funeral, and on the great day itself. Those on the spot are familiar with the scenes presented by every street on the line through which the procession was to pass. Every house, from any part of which a point of view could be obtained, was fitted up for the accommodation of the largest possible number of visitors, who were crowded into the smallest conceivable space. The shop-fronts were taken possession of by the carpenters and decorators two or three days before the funeral. All the interior fittings were removed, so as to leave a clear open space for the workmen; and rows of substantial seats were raised from the floor up to the highest point leaving room for a human body to sit upright, or from which a view could be obtained. Thus the whole, or nearly the whole, of the line through which the procession passed, presented on the level of the thoroughfare a line of densely-packed spectators, the majority of them ladies, in rows, and producing the effect of the benches of an amphitheatre indefinitely elongated. This, of course, was not all. Every house that had the slightest pretension to a balcony was fitted with seats, the fronts being hung with black cloth; and every window in like manner was crowded with occupants. Even the roofs were crammed with people, who thus, from their giddy height, commanded a view more extensive than any, although from those points the moving stream of carriages, troops, and pedestrians, was diminutive.

On so solemn an occasion the opportunity for mere display is, of course, precluded, even if the good taste and feeling of the inhabitants had not led them to confine themselves to the simplest and plainest of mourning decorations. There were some points on the line, where the architecture of the buildings, or the position of the houses, permitted some little attention to form and artistic beauty in the hanging; and it was noticeable that these opportunities had been seized upon instinctively, or with an unobtrusive good taste.

## BUCKINGHAM PALACE AND THE GREEN PARK.

(From a Correspondent.)

This Park was by no means crowded with spectators; the line of railings on Constitution-hill and Piccadilly was filled with people, and several of the trees were occupied, as was the mount facing Mr. Hope's mansion; but the sloping ground was entirely unoccupied. When the procession passed Buckingham Palace her Majesty appeared in the central balcony with the Royal children; here the Queen watched the cortege with deep interest until the arrival of the funeral car, when her Majesty left the balcony, and almost immediately re-appeared, with some of the children, upon the leads of the north lodge, occupied by the gardener and aviary-keeper. A brief halt of the procession here took place, so that her Majesty saw the car in close proximity and to great advantage. The Queen then withdrew into the Palace. The roof and all the windows were filled with spectators.

## PICCADILLY AND THE LINE OF PROCESSION.

The first point at which any preparations for spectators could be observed, was at the great arch opposite Apsley House, where is placed the late Duke's equestrian statue. Round each side of the arch were erected ranges of seats, on the one side commanding a view of the procession as it advanced up Constitution-hill; on the other, as it curved to pass Apsley House, and proceeded up Piccadilly. Apsley House itself wore an aspect of melancholy seclusion. Along Piccadilly, the noble mansions which line the road were filled with spectators, almost exclusively of the higher orders of society, and many of the houses were hung with black cloth. The American Minister's mansion was conspicuous among these. As the eye travelled down the street, there was Cambridge House, from which a point of view could be obtained; and Devonshire House, where accommodation had been provided. Along both sides of Piccadilly, the houses were fitted up with seats, and many of them were decorated with black drapery. At the end of Burlington Arcade, a temporary erection, seemingly of perilous slightness, had been provided, where the inhabitants were accommodated with seats, from which they could obtain a side view of the procession as it turned to pass down St. James's-street.

St. James's-street itself presented a very striking, even a magnificent aspect. On the right and on the left of the street there are various club-houses, and some large establishments; all of which were fitted up at every available point for the accommodation of the members and occupants, and their ladies and friends. Conspicuous among them was "Crockford's," which, with the Sovereign Life Assurance Company's premises, and the adjoining houses, presented long lines of black drapery, and a dense mass of spectators. On either side of the way, as the procession passed down the streets, the houses were literally crammed to the roofs; not a single nook or point was left unoccupied; and, as usual, those who were put off to the topmost places obtained the most commanding view. The coup-d'œil, on turning the corner of Pall-mall, was exceedingly fine, and most impressive. The court-yard of Marlborough House was occupied with an immense stand, on which, from the ground to the roof, were ranges of seats, covered with cloth, and crowded with spectators, chiefly officers in the civil service of the Government, and their friends. The Oxford and Cambridge Club was decorated





FUNERAL OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.—THE PROCESSION IN THE NAVE.—(SEE PRECEDING PAGE.)



with much splendour and good taste. The architecture of the building permitted this, without any of that violation of propriety which would have characterised a more pretentious display. The lines of the architecture were followed in those of the drapery, which thus formed an elongated canopy stretching the whole length of the building. The Carlton Club, the Insurance Offices, and the various private establishments in the street, were also, for the most part, hung with the trappings of woe, and the houses seemed alive with human faces.

At the open space stretching from the end of Waterloo-place up to the Duke of York's Column, the effect was remarkably grand. The Athenæum Club was conspicuous for its massive and tasteful decorations; the houses forming Waterloo-place and the lower part of Regent-street, crowded with people, and most of them hung with black drapery, formed a vast amphitheatre, of which the base was occupied by a dense mass of spectators on foot. As the eye glanced forth towards Charing-cross, a similar scene presented itself. Her Majesty's Theatre, hung with black, gave room to a multitude of spectators, who were to be seen even on the roof. The Clubs in Pall-mall East, the Union Bank, the various establishments on either side of Cooks-pur-street, all helped to complete the grand effect of a scene sufficiently impressive in itself, were it only in the multitudes of human beings assembled to gaze on the last solemn offices rendered to the most illustrious man of his age.

Charing-cross was another point at which a grand coup d'œil was obtained. On the left, the column erected to the memory of England's naval hero; on the right, the statue of King Charles; further away in the distance the National Gallery, and even the steps of St. Martin's Church: at all these points accommodation had been provided for spectators. Seats were raised round the base of the Nelson monument, and round the statue of Charles I.; and on the area of Trafalgar-square every available inch was occupied. The reader may conceive what was the effect as the procession passed this magnificent open space; then, indeed, sustaining the truth of the remark, that it is "the finest site in Europe." Morley's Hotel, Northumberland House, Wyld's map shop, the Golden-cross, the establishment of the Electric Telegraph Company; all the tradesmen's houses on the right and on the left were, more or less, hung with the drapery of mourning, and provided with seats for spectators.

At Agar-street the Charing-cross Hospital and the Royal British Bank were both in like manner prepared for the occasion; and along the line of the Strand, up to St. Mary's Church, the eye met a vista of magnificent effect, on either side of the street the houses being decorated with the sombre emblems of the sad cause of all this display, and presenting, from the roadway to the roof, continuous lines of human faces, gazing anxiously on the solemn pageant as it made its slow and stately way.

At St. Mary's Church, the parochial authorities had erected a stand, stretching from the western aspect to the east, and occupying the side of the Strand within the railings of the churchyard. Thus the church was encircled on all sides but one. On this stand were ranged rows of seats, literally crammed with spectators. The parish church of St. Clement Danes had also been filled in the same manner by the parish authorities, so that as the procession passed, the eye encountered scarcely more than the steeple of the church, growing as it were out of living walls of human faces. The circular space around St. Clement's Church was also one of the striking points of view during the progress of the procession. The houses on the right and on the left were, as all along the route, more or less hung with black, and lined with spectators; on the tops of the lofty houses on the left, facing Clement's Inn, seats had been constructed, from which the spectators could command a long range of view to the West and to the East.

Temple-bar was, of course, an important point in this solemn progress. Under the hands of the City architect, the venerable building had assumed a new and an extraordinary aspect. Gilded cornices and pillars, on a ground of black cloth, covered the face on either side, while the top of the arch was surmounted with vases, in which burned incense.

At this point, according to the original arrangements, the Civic authorities were to have joined the procession; but considerations of the public safety and convenience overcame custom so far, as that the junction was, by agreement, effected lower down Fleet-street, close to Fetter-lane. The open space opposite St. Dunstan's Church and Hoare's bank, which stretches down beyond Fetter-lane, afforded a more appropriate place at which to permit the carriages of the Civic functionaries to enter than could be found in the narrow avenue of which Temple-bar is the key.

At this point a new feature was added to the scene, hitherto little more than an unvaried wall of human faces and mourning drapery, in the presence of the soldiery, who were called on to aid the police in preserving order. This was, of course, the more necessary below Temple-bar, on account of the comparative narrowness of the streets, and the check the procession would be expected to receive in the ascent of Ludgate-hill, and the gradual setting down at the Cathedral. The soldiers, consisting of six battalions of infantry, performed their duty admirably, with that temper and cool self-possession for which they are remarkable on all such public occasions.

From Temple-bar to St. Paul's Cathedral, along Fleet-street, by Faringdon-street and Bridge-street, and up Ludgate-hill, the same scene presented itself that had greeted the eye from Charing-cross, but slightly varied by the different character of the locality. St. Paul's Churchyard wore the same aspect as the churchyard of St. Clement Danes, only that it was on a scale infinitely more grand. Here, too, a pyramid of seats, lined with rows of human beings, and looking like an amphitheatre turned inside out, encircled the greater part of the cathedral; while the houses on either side wore the same livery of woe, and were decorated with the same solemn trappings, that had met the eye all along the route.

A sight more impressive could scarcely ever be found than that on which the eye gazed as the mournful pageant slowly wended its way through this long line of its progress. Other grand ceremonials may have given occasion to more external splendour, to gay and gaudy decorations, to triumphal arches, to all the more ordinary elements of pageantry and show. The interest of the scene of Thursday was of a different and far deeper character. The very uniformity, even of the effect produced by the sombre black of the decorations, had its influences on the imagination, more solemn and impressive than could have been that of the most gorgeous display. But more than all these formal modes of giving expression to the public grief, was the significant tribute offered by the presence of the countless multitudes assembled to take part in this great national ceremonial. It is true that the motives of the spectators must have been mixed, that but comparatively a small part of the hundreds of thousands who lined the way, and gazed with silent and respectful attention on the proceedings, were actuated by those higher and nobler feelings which ought to have been inspired by the impressive occasion of their coming; such anomalies are inseparable from the human character in its various degrees of refinement and cultivation. Admit all this, however, and still there remains a moral in the mere numbers who attended; in the vastness and solid character of a reputation whose influence had spread so wide and sunk so deep, that the whole of this great British nation had been stirred and moved as by a common impulse. Even in those whom curiosity and a love of pageantry or excitement brought to the scene of Thursday, the causes must lie deep that would thus lead them to quit their homes, their families, and to expose themselves to danger, to hours of weary waiting, and all conceivable privation and fatigue. So that the cynic himself may extract from even the very sources of his depreciating criticism of human nature the materials for a correction of his cynicism.

Arrived at the entrance to St. Paul's, the marshmen and conductors divided and ranged themselves on each side at the foot of the steps outside the great west door. The six flank companies of Grenadier Guards entered the Churchyard, and received the body, with arms presented and reversed. The six battalions of infantry had previously lined Fleet-street and Ludgate-hill, and had saluted in the customary way the body as it passed.

The funeral car drove up at the temporary wooden porch of the western door of the cathedral at ten minutes past twelve. The remainder of the procession occupied about twenty minutes beyond that in passing; but it was upwards of an hour before the bier bearing the coffin was transferred to the smaller car, upon which it was to be conveyed into the interior of the edifice. The assembled multitude watched, with curious interest, the exertions of the undertaker's assistants, which appeared to be of some little difficulty and intricacy, in the arrangement of machinery and draperies. During the whole of this time the band within the precincts of the cathedral poured forth strains of sacred music appropriate to the solemn occasion.

The remainder of the ceremony took place in the interior; but we cannot leave the external portion without recording, in strong terms of commendation, the admirable conduct of the public, on all parts of the line. The police conducted themselves with courtesy, and were obeyed without a murmur.

## ORDER OF PROCESSION.

INFANTRY—Six Battalions.  
Band of the 2d Battalion Rifle Brigade.

Major-General Fane .. .. . 2d Battalion Rifle Brigade.  
Band of the 1st Battalion Royal Marines—Chatham Division.  
1st Battalion Royal Marines.  
Band of her Majesty's 33d Regt.  
Her Majesty's 33d Regiment.

Bands of the Scots Fusilier and Coldstream Guards.  
(Battalion Fusilier Guards.  
Battalion Coldstream Guards.  
1st Battalion Grenadier Guards.

Major-General Shaw .. .. . Band of the Royal Artillery.

ARTILLERY—Nine Guns of the Field Batteries.  
Band of her Majesty's 17th Lancers.

CAVALRY—Five Squadrons, viz.:—  
(17th Lancers.  
Band of her Majesty's 13th Light Dragoons.  
13th Light Dragoons.  
Band of her Majesty's 8th Hussars.  
8th Hussars.  
Band of her Majesty's Scots Greys.  
Scots Greys.  
8th Dragoon Guards.

Major-General Jackson .. .. . Eight Guns of the Horse Artillery.

The Seventeen Pieces commanded by Colonel Whynates, C.B.  
Band of the 1st Life Guards.

Major-General .. .. . Royal Regiment of Horse Guards (Blues).  
The Hon. H. Cavendish. .. .. . 2d Life Guards.  
1st Life Guards.

The troops moving in the procession, and also those on duty in assisting the civil authorities to preserve order and prevent accidents, were commanded by

Major-General H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, K.G.  
The Infantry, drawn up in columns in front of the Horse-Guards, presented arms and reversed arms, and having saluted the Body, moved off the Parade at eight o'clock, followed by

Marshmen on Foot.  
Messenger of the College of Arms on Foot.  
Eight Conductors with Staves on Foot.  
Chelsea Pensioners in number eighty-three on Foot.  
[Fell in at Charing-cross.]  
Twelve Enrolled Pensioners on Foot.  
One Soldier from every Regiment in her Majesty's Service.  
Three Soldiers of Artillery, and three Soldiers of Infantry of the East India Company's Army, represented the Artillery and Infantry of the Three Presidencies.  
Thirteen Trumpets and Kettle Drums.  
Two Pursuivants of Arms in a Mourning Coach.

THE STANDARD OR PENNON,  
Carried by a Lieutenant-Colonel, supported by two Captains in the Army, on Horseback.  
Servants of the Deceased in a Mourning Coach.  
Lieutenant and Deputy-Lieutenant of the Tower, in a Carriage.

DEPUTATIONS FROM PUBLIC BODIES, IN CARRIAGES.  
Merchant Tailors' Company, in One Carriage.  
East Ind Company, in One Carriage.  
Corporation of the Trinity House, in One Carriage.  
Barons and Officers of the Cinque Ports, in One Carriage.  
With the

Lieutenant and Deputy-Lieutenant of Dover Castle, in One Carriage.  
Captains of Deal, Walmer, Sandgate, and Sandown Castles, in One Carriage.  
Board of Ordnance and Ordnance Department, in One Carriage.  
Delegation from the University of Oxford, in Two Carriages.  
[Fell in here after the preceding part of the Procession had passed through Temple-bar]  
Two Pursuivants of Arms.  
Band of her Majesty's 6th Dragoon Guards.

THE GUIDON.  
Carried by a Lieutenant-Colonel, supported by two Captains in the Army, on Horseback.  
Comptroller of the late Duke's Household, in a Mourning Coach.  
Physicians to the deceased, in a Mourning Coach.  
Chaplain of the Tower,  
Chaplain of the Forces in the London District, } in a Mourning Coach.  
Chaplain-General of the Forces,  
High Sheriff of the County of Southampton.  
Sheriffs of London in Two Carriages.  
Aldermen and Recorder of London, a Deputation consisting of Four Carriages.

[Fell in here after the preceding part of the Procession had passed through Temple-bar]  
Military Secretary.  
Companions of the Order of the Bath, represented by Four, in One Carriage, viz.:—  
General Sir LOUIS O'NEILL.  
Vice-Admiral the Hon. JOSEPHINE PERCY.  
Lieut.-General WILLIAM SANDWITH.  
Sir JOSHUA ROWE.

[Members of the House of Commons had Seats reserved for them in the Cathedral]  
Knights Commanders of the Order of the Bath, represented by Four, in One carriage, viz.:—  
Lieutenant-General Earl CATHCART.  
Admiral Sir JOHN WEST.  
Lieutenant-General Sir HOPKIN STRATFORD SCOTT.  
Sir S. GEORGE BONHAM.

Knights Grand Crosses of the Order of the Bath, represented by Four, in One Carriage, viz.:—  
Lieutenant-General Right Hon. Sir EDWARD BLAKENEY.  
Admiral of the Fleet, Sir GEORGE COCKBURN, Bart.  
Lieutenant-General Sir GEORGE POLLOCK.  
Viscount PALMERSTON.

Being one of each Class, from the Army, one from the Navy, one from the East India Company's Service, and one from the Civil Service.  
Heralds in a Mourning Coach.  
Bands of her Majesty's 2nd Life Guards.

BANNER OF WELLESLEY,  
Carried by a Lieut.-Colonel, supported by two Captains in the Army on Horseback.  
The Lord's Justices of Appeal.  
The Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer.  
The Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.  
The Master of the Rolls.  
The Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench.  
The Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.  
The Chancellor of the Exchequer.  
The Paymaster-General of the Forces.  
The Right Hon. the Secretary-at-War.  
The Right Hon. the Judge Advocate-General.  
The Master-General of the Ordnance.  
The First Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty.  
The Secretaries of State for the Home and Colonial Departments.  
Speaker of the House of Commons.

Barons, Bishops, Viscounts, Earls, Marquises, Dukes, } Had Seats reserved in the Cathedral.

The EARL OF MALMESBURY,  
Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.  
The EARL OF DERBY,  
First Lord Commissioner of the Treasury.  
The EARL MARSHALL OF ENGLAND.  
The LORD GREAT CHAMBERLAIN.  
The LORD PRIVY SEAL.  
The LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL.  
The LORD ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.  
The LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR.  
The LORD ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

[At Temple-bar, the LORD MAYOR, carrying the City Sword, joined in the procession.]

Assistant Quarter-Master-General.  
Assistant Adjutant-General.  
Aide-de-Camp to the Deceased.  
Deputy Quarter-Master-General.  
Deputy Adjutant-General.  
Quarter-Master-General.  
Adjutant-General.

A Carriage of his Royal Highness PRINCE ALBERT, with the Gentleman Usher, the Equerry, and Groom of the Bedchamber to his Royal Highness.

A Carriage with the Private Secretary, Treasurer, and Lord of the Bedchamber to his Royal Highness.  
H.R.H. PRINCE ALBERT,  
in a Carriage drawn by Six Horses;  
Attended by the Lord Chamberlain of her Majesty's Household,  
And the Groom of the Stole to his Royal Highness.  
Field Officer of Brigade in Waiting.  
Sergeant Trumpeter.  
Heralds.

Norroy King-of-Arms, in a Mourning Coach.  
Band of the Royal Horse Guards.

THE GREAT BANNER,  
Carried by a Colonel, supported by Two Lieutenant-Colonels, on Horseback.

[Here, on reaching the Cathedral, the Dignitaries of the Church, meeting the Body at the West Door, fell in.]

FOREIGN BATONS.  
Spain—Russia—Prussia—Portugal—Netherlands—Hanover.  
The Batons of the Deceased, as Field-Marshal of Great Britain, borne on a Black Velvet Cushion in a Mourning Coach by the Marquis of ANGLESEY, K.G.  
supported by the

Colonel the Duke of RICHMOND, K.G., and Major-General the Duke of CLEVELAND, K.G.  
The Coronet of the Deceased  
borne on a Black Velvet Cushion  
in a Mourning Coach, by Clarenceux King of Arms.

The Pall-bearers, Eight General Officers, in Two Mourning Coaches.  
Band of the Grenadier Guards.

THE BODY,  
Covered with a rich Black Velvet Pall  
adorned with Escutcheons,  
upon a  
Funeral Car drawn by Twelve  
Horses,  
decorated with Trophies and Heraldic  
Achievements.

Gentleman Usher. Garter, Principal King of Arms, in a Mourning Coach.

THE CHIEF MOURNER,  
In a long Mourning Cloak,  
Accompanied by Colonel Lord CHARLES WELLESLEY,  
The Hon. and Rev. GERARD WELLESLEY,  
and by the Hon. WILLIAM WELLESLEY, his Train-bearer,  
in a Mourning Coach.

The Marquis of SALISBURY, K.G., and the Marquis of TREDEDALE, K.T.,  
Supporters to the Chief Mourner, in a Mourning Coach.  
Assistants to the Chief Mourner.  
Relations and Friends of the Deceased.  
THE LATE DUKE'S HORSE,  
Led by the Groom to the Deceased.  
Private Carriages of the Deceased, and of the Chief Mourner.

Band of the Royal Marines—Woolwich Division.  
Officers and Men from every Regiment in the Service; consisting of One Captain, a Subaltern, a Sergeant, a Corporal, and Five Men from every Regiment,  
Band of her Majesty's 33d Highlanders.  
Carriages of the Queen and of the Royal Family.  
Troops closed the Procession.

## THE INTERIOR OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

A solemn scene was that of the interior of St. Paul's, at the interment of the remains of the late Duke of Wellington—one to remember, one to dwell upon, one even to the most thoughtless to profit by. The writer who has to record the impressions of this memorable pageant, without having time to analyze the multitudinous suggestions from such a gorgeous and impressive solemnity, has indeed a difficult task. Those who were present will sympathise with the emotions created by such a display of all that was great in the country, in the midst of death's final ceremonials, in honour of the warrior and statesman; but, those who were away from the wondrous spectacle, can scarcely give the reins to their imagination, to conceive the mingled marks of sorrow and respect, with grandeur and gorgeousness, displayed on the day, when the last honours were paid to "the Duke." All personal considerations sink into utter insignificance by the side of Thursday's pomp and pageantry. It would be an easy task to narrate the difficulties of approach to the interior—it would be absurd egotism to groan at the detention at the doors some hour and a half beyond the period indicated on the cards of admission—it would not be any act of injustice if the authorities of the cathedral were most severely handled for their gross neglect of the journalists, from whom the nation expects an authentic account of Thursday's proceedings; and it would be but a just retribution if the insolence of the "Jacks in office," in the treatment of the writers for the public press were individually and collectively exposed: but let these annoyances and contrarieties pass. With every possible impediment thrown in the way of the reporter of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, he is enabled to give accurate details of the assemblage within St. Paul's—no thanks to the authorities or to their subordinates. It is, indeed, grateful to turn from imbecility and impertinence to the performance of an important duty; and it is satisfactory to know that no impediment thrown in the way of an English journalist can prevent him from the due exercise of his functions. To the funeral obsequies, then, of Thursday, let us turn. The theme is grateful. If the homage of the nation was magnificent in its outward forms, no less significant and touching were the signs of genuine grief from the thousands who filled the interior of the cathedral. Heraldic lore had done its utmost; artistic taste had developed its greatest resources; musical tact was most strikingly evinced to assuage the ear; but the great feature of Thursday's worldly honour was the unequivocal sorrow of the multitude within the walls of the great edifice.

The artists charged with the organisation of the arrangements for the funeral of the Duke of Wellington had no ordinary task; for they have had to compete with the imagination of everybody, and the conflict became, therefore, almost impossible. Every mind has been at work with dreams, plans, and theories, as to the mode of interment. For a giant intellect, it was universally felt that a colossal ceremony was absolutely necessary. Whilst it was evident that, for the perishable man, the tomb below must be dark, mysterious, and sepulchral, it was no less obvious that the ceremonial above must be striking, luminous, and triumphant. The commemorative epitaph of an eternal renown will be the final tribute to be paid to glory and genius. Under the dome of



St. Paul's—to repose by the side of the ashes of the hero of the Nile—public opinion at once pronounced to be the most appropriate spot for the august remains of the great captain of the age; but it was generally felt that all conventional combinations would be inadequate to do justice to the departed warrior and statesman. The effect of the internal arrangements of the cathedral has been in accordance with the character of the “Duke”—simplicity has been combined with grandeur. The vast edifice, with the gigantic platforms covered with plain mourning draperies, and lighted up by the circular jets, had the most solemn and imposing aspect; in every way calculated to convey the double idea of death, and of the apotheosis. The eyes were not fatigued with any unnatural glare, the combination was as touching as it was harmonious.

The days of honour was the dome, fitting covering for the coffin of the soldier, before it descended to the last resting-place. The signification, the character, and the proportions of the decorations were austere, grand, and noble. Glitter and gold would have been ill adapted to the Christian spot, on which the most mighty of the nation, bent down, humiliating their grandeur before the Divine Majesty, and seeking for solace and pity for the acts of life, of which the corpses beneath the pavement were an image and a remembrance. The triumph of art has been attained by the design, that of quick comprehension or seizure of the general details: impressions were immediately excited, and the eye had not to wander to seek for definitions. The past and the present were suggested at once by this primitive simplicity, by this careful avoidance of the trivial, by this judicious abstinence from martial symbols. How fine was the contrast between the style of decorative art and that adopted at the tawdry fittings-up of the Invalides for the reception of Napoleon's ashes in 1840! The proportions of the interior of St. Paul's seemed to have increased in vastness, by the darkened perspective of the funeral hangings, relieved by the brilliant masses of light. The edifice appeared magnified to twice its size. The glance from the extremity of the nave to the end of the choir will not easily be forgotten by those who entered the western door. Wren's masterpiece was never seen to greater advantage; and there could be but regret that the lighting up could not be rendered permanent when the draperies of woe shall be removed. The nobility and majesty of the architecture under its aspect of mourning completely eclipsed all reminiscences of other edifices—even if Charlemagne's ashes under the cupola of Aix-la-Chapelle, the catafalques of Florence, Naples, and Venice came for a moment across the mind. There was ample time to ponder on one's past experience of great spectacles, from the moment of the opening of the doors (at past eight o'clock, instead of half-past six); and the tremendous rush and awful confusion of the entrances were soon forgotten in the excitement of expectation. Before nine o'clock the galleries at the western entrance, at the south and north sides of the nave, at the transepts, and at the dizzy-looking erections above them, touching the roof, were filled with spectators, all dressed in deep mourning; but the toilettes and costumes of many of whom had been, in no small degree, disturbed by the conflict for the places, to which no index or guide had been provided. Many persons gave palpable signs of the rain of previous days, in their mud-bespattered garments, before they could reach the interior. Shortly before nine o'clock the sun broke forth from murky clouds, and a beautiful sunbeam across the dome indicated that the weather had at last changed. The only vacant spaces apparent by ten o'clock, except those reserved for the procession, were the galleries above the organ in the choir and those below the piers of the choir. It was explained that these seats were reserved for the choral singers and for the instrumentalists, who were rehearsing at St. Benet's Church, St. Paul's Wharf—the trial of the preceding night, in the cathedral, with the obligato hummers of the workmen, having been found too noisy. It may be here mentioned that the cause for opening the doors long behind the hour announced, arose from the operatives for the preparations not having been able to leave the interior until shortly before eight o'clock, so close was the run for the completion of the arrangements. A mistake of the daily journals must here be corrected. The organ was not taken down and turned; the keys were simply reversed; that is, instead of the organist being placed in the choir, he was located at the back of the instrument, looking towards the nave, thus enabling him to see the choral singers and instrumentalists in his front. About eleven o'clock, the arrival of the head of the procession became manifest at the western entrance. It was the appearance of the Chelsea pensioners, which first attracted attention. As these veterans took their places on rows of seats beneath the galleries of the north and south galleries and the nave, every eye was turned towards them; but the successive entrances of the detachments of soldiers from every regiment, soon diverted the notice of the spectators. The setting down of the officials who came in carriages must have been extremely rapid, as the various deputations specified in the programme entered in quick succession. The Merchant Taylors, the East India Directors, the Trinity House Corporation, the representatives of the Cinque Ports, the delegations from the Universities, the Corporation of London, the Companions and Knights-Commanders of the Order of the Bath, the banners, the members of the Legislature, the judicial authorities, the Ministers, the great officers of State, &c., followed each other so promptly, that no few mistakes were made as to identity. As the procession gained the interior with such marked promptitude, there was little time to individualise celebrities. One great character succeeded another so speedily, that all speculation was lost. As every raised gallery was filled, the mixture of costumes became more striking and picturesque. The marshals, conductors, and heralds, flitted backwards with the greatest activity, to organise the movements, and to direct the official personages to their seats. It was about noon, when the leading dignitaries—civil, military, legislative, judicial, and civic—were seated; and about a quarter of an hour afterwards the car was seen at the western entrance, or rather the coffin was visible on its summit. Three-quarters of an hour, however, elapsed, before the procession to the central area was in readiness. In the meanwhile it was stated that the Duke of Cambridge and the Princess Mary had taken their seats in a tribune just above the galleries assigned to the Peers. The minor ecclesiastics, vicars choral of the Cathedral, assisted by gentlemen of the Chapel Royal, and the vicars choral of Westminster Abbey, marched down to the great west door. At a quarter past one the procession moved towards the space under the dome, headed by general officers, native and foreign; amongst the latter were General Prince Gortchakoff, from Russia; the Major-General Duke of Ossuna, from Spain; General Count Nollitz, from Prussia; the Marshal the Duke of Terceira, from Portugal; Lieutenant-General the Baron d'Omphal, from Holland, &c. Prince Albert, in a Field-Marshal's uniform, with a crape sash and scarf, was just before the coffin, which was on a platform, on wheels, with the late Duke's hat and sword. The present Duke of Wellington as chief mourner followed, with his brother, Lord Charles Wellesley, just behind him. The Earl of Westmorland, and other relatives of the late Duke, were in the next group. During the progress of the body to the central space under the dome, the choir began the funeral service, “I am the resurrection and the life,” under the direction of Mr. Francis. Mr. Goss, the organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, presided at the organ, assisted by Mr. George Cooper, the deputy organist. Amongst the members of the choir were the vicars choral of St. Paul's, Messrs. Francis, Lockey, Clarke, Bayley, and Shoubridge; the deputy vicars choral, Messrs. H. Buckland, E. Ball, and Butler; the Sunday assistants, Messrs. Land, Wilkinson, Matlocks, Gadsby, Pope, and Herring. This choir was augmented by members of the Chapel Royal choir, Westminster Abbey, Windsor, the Temple, Lincoln's Inn, &c.

Amongst the professors and amateurs who took a part in the musical service were the Misses Birch, Miss Phillips, Miss M. Williams, Madame Macfarren, Miss Cooper; Messrs. Hobbs, Machin, Stretton, Donald King, Salmon, Benson, Barabys (2), Gray, Brownsmith, Bradbury, Howe, Hill, Montem Smith, Lloyd, T. Young, Lefler, J. Bennett, Hodgson, Hopkins, Cummins, Martin, T. Williams, A. Novello, Walworth, Coward, Foster, Whitehouse, Addison, Oliphant, G. Macfarren, Hatton, Henry Smart, G. Hogarth, J. W. Davison, Hastings, Grunsien, Addison, Jun., and Hayward. Mr. Turle, organist of Westminster Abbey, assisted Mr. Goss in the direction of the music.

Dr. William Croft, who was organist, composer, and master of the children of his Majesty's Chapel Royal, and organist of St. Peter's, Westminster, in the reign of George I., published, in the “Musica Sacra” the burial service performed on Thursday. He thus explains, in the preface, his motives for publishing the anthem:—

It is hoped it will not be unacceptable, there being scarce anything of that kind that is correct in any cathedral in England; for want whereof great confusion and perplexity in that kind of performance generally ensues, to the great detriment and disadvantage of those solemn rites. In that service there is one verse composed by my predecessor, the famous Mr. Henry Purcell, to which, in justice to his memory, his name is applied; the reason why I did not compose this verse anew (so as to render the whole service entirely of my composition) is obvious to every artist. In the rest of that service composed by me, I have endeavoured, as near as possibly I could, to imitate that great master and celebrated composer whose name will for ever stand high in the

rank of those who have laboured to improve the English style, in his so happily adapting his compositions to English words, in that elegant and judicious manner, as was unknown to many of his predecessors; but, in this respect, both his and my worthy and honoured master, Dr. Blow, was known likewise to excel.

As the procession moved from the great western entrance, the choir sang the opening of the burial service, “I am the resurrection and the life,” written for canto, alto, tenor, and bass voices, in G minor, common time. The effect of this simple strain—for Croft is pathetic, if not great—was indecribably beautiful. It was wisely rendered under the steady beat of Mr. Francis; and the procession of surprised singers filing round the area, to gain their places under the organ gallery, was one of the most interesting incidents of the pageant. A delay of some minutes took place whilst the coffin was removed from the moving bier, to the raised platform, about six feet in height, upon which it was to descend on Wolsey's sarcophagus over Nelson's tomb. It was curious and touching; to see the affection with which the pall-bearers (Viscount Combermere, the Marquis of Londonderry, Lord Hardinge, Lord Seaton, Lord Gough, Sir Charles Napier, Sir Harry Smith, General Pollock, and General Lushington), touched the coffin of their deceased comrade and commander. The mechanical apparatus which conveyed the coffin to the area having been removed, the chanting of the Earl of Mornington's two well-known Double Chants in E flat and in E minor, for the Psalms 29 and 90, took place. The father of the late Duke of Wellington was a good organ-player, and had a great love for church music, and nothing could be more fitting than the selection of these chants for this solemn occasion. After the Psalms came an Anthem by Mr. Goss, the organist, from Paul's First Epistle to the Thessalonians, chapter iv., verses 14 and 18:—

If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will so bring with him.

Wherefore comfort one another with these words.

Mr. Goss seems to have been penetrated with the solemnity of the subject he has treated. He has written with fugal austerity; and the words “Comfort one another” have been noted in a dignified manner. After the Dean had read the Lesson (1 Cor. xv. 20), the “Nunc Dimittis” (St. Luke ii. 29) was chanted, the theme having been selected by Mr. Goss from the slow movement of Beethoven's Symphony in A. Then followed a new Dirge, by Mr. Goss, from the 2 Samuel, iii. 31, 32, and 38:—

And the King said to all the people that were with him, Rend your clothes, and gird you with sackcloth, and mourn. And the King himself followed the bier.

And they buried him. And the King lifted up his voice and wept at the grave, and all the people wept.

And the King said unto his servants, Know ye not that there is a Prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?

Mr. Goss has scored this dirge effectively: the employment of the wood and brass instruments has been judicious, and the recitative form used by the composer is majestic and impressive.

After the dirge came one of the most solemn, affecting, and profoundly impressive incidents it has ever been our lot to witness in this or any other country. We have seen in our time the interment of a Papal Pontiff; we have been present at the funeral as well as at the coronation of the Emperors of Austria; we have witnessed the last honours paid to a King of France, as well as those bestowed on the restored ashes of an Emperor; we have looked upon the midnight ceremonial awarded to the common soldier after the day of battle, as well as the brilliant military spectacle of a Commander-in-Chief's obsequies; but never have we been participants in such a scene as that which attended the lowering of the coffin of Arthur Wellesley into the crypt in which repose the remains of the immortal Nelson. Whilst from the wood and brass instruments, and the organ, were heard the intensely pathetic passages of Handel's “Dead March in Saul,” the coffin, with the gilded coronet and the bâton of the Field Marshal thereon, gradually descended, by means of invisible machinery. Except sobs from the multitude, and the sounds of the music, there was not a murmur—everybody seemed to hold breath to fix the eye with one lingering, farewell, steadfast gaze at the crimson coffin, as if one was parting with the dearest object on earth; and the thousands who shed tears within the cathedral will be sympathised with by the millions of mourners without the edifice. Prince Albert was deeply moved; the Duke of Cambridge was much affected, and it required all the consolation of the Marquis of Salisbury and the Marquis of Tweeddale, the supporters of the Chief Mourner, to sustain him in this awful moment. A sense of heavy depression came, indeed, over the entire assemblage. The choir went on with the service, with Dr. Croft's chorus in C minor, “Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live.” But not even the sublimity of Purcell's passage in G minor, “Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts,” could divert the attention from that cavity left in the pavement, by the disappearance for ever of the Duke's coffin. The words, “Earth to earth, ashes to ashes,” as the earth was thrown down, seemed to thrill the auditory. Dr. Croft's “I heard a voice from Heaven,” in G minor, was followed by the usual prayers in the ritual: the effect of the immense congregation joining in the responses of the Lord's Prayer was marvellously strange and penetrating. Owing to some mistake, or from a desire to complete the funeral ceremony promptly, the Dean interrupted the noble anthem of Handel, “His body is buried in peace,” before the portion thereof had been terminated. The declarations of the titles of the late Duke occupied Garter King at Arms, as may be imagined, some minutes; and the breaking of the staff of the Comptroller of the deceased, indicated that the concluding homage to the cold remains was at hand. Mendelssohn's lovely chorale in D, from “Paul,” “Sleepers awake,” in which the ejaculations of the trombones in the vocal pauses are so imposing, brought the musical service to a close. Another chorale from the same oratorio having been played at the western entrance by the military bands, “To thee, O Lord! I yield my soul,” during the procession, the Bishop of London pronounced the blessing, the “Peace of God,” from his seat near the Speaker of the House of Commons; and the move for exit towards the western door became animated, but not before Prince Albert had kindly approached the Duke of Wellington and Lord Charles Wellesley and had shaken them warmly by the hand. With the firing from the Tower guns, ended the funeral ceremony of the greatest warrior and statesman of any epoch. The splendour of the spectacle was startling, both within and without the cathedral; but the greatness of the grief was in its really national attribute, and in the universality of a nation's mourning for a departed hero, there is not a parallel to be found in historic records, either in this or any other country. No sculptured sarcophagus will be necessary for Wellington's fame: it will live in the hearts of a grateful nation.

The following is the official programme of the Procession in the Cathedral:—

The Spurs borne by York Herald.	
The Helmet and Crest borne by Richmond Herald.	
The Sword and Target borne by Lancaster Herald.	
The Surcoat borne by Chester Herald.	
FOREIGN BATONS.	
The Bâton of the Deceased, as Field Marshal, borne by the Marquis of Anglesey, K.G., and supported as before.	
The Coronet and Cushion borne by Clarenceux, King-of-Arms.	
Gentleman Usher.	Gentleman Usher.
Five General Officers bearing Banners.	Five General Officers bearing Banners.
Four General Officers Supporters of the Pall.	Four General Officers Supporters of the Pall.
THE BODY.	
Gentleman Usher.	Gentleman Usher.
Supporter The Marquis of Tweeddale.	Supporter The Marquis of Salisbury.
Garter Principal King of Arms.	
THE CHIEF MOURNER,	
In a long Mourning Cloak, His Train borne by the Hon. WM. WELLESLEY, Lord CHARLES WELLESLEY.	
Assistants to the Chief Mourner.	
Relations.	
Friends.	

The only casualty we have heard of is the falling of a young man from off the roof of Drummond's banking-house, Charing-cross. He was taken to Charing-cross Hospital, and the injury proved to be a severe fracture of the skull, of which the poor fellow died in half-an-hour.

## THE HORSE GUARDS; AND THE PARADE-GROUND IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.

(From another Reporter.)

It is a cold, rainy morning in November. The musical bells of the celebrated clock of the Horse Guards have just sounded seven, and we are almost within reach of the illuminated dial, upon the roof of the Horse Guards, looking upon St. James's Park. Envision position! for here we are to see the curtain drawn up, and the first great act performed in that grand ceremonial which cannot be seen again until we have another Wellington. We can see, through the misty morning light, the tops of the trees in St. James's Park; and beyond the ornamental water the gas-lights in front of Buckingham Palace may be discerned. Below us, upon the parade, we can make out large bodies of troops under arms. Three battalions of the Foot Guards on our left (as we look into the Park), then a battalion of the 33d Regiment, in which the Duke of Wellington first served; then a battalion of Royal Marines; and, lastly, a battalion of the Rifle Brigade, with their dark uniforms, compose the fine body of men drawn up in martial array before us, dimly seen through the fog and mist of this cheerless, but memorable morning.

Below us, and upon our right, is seen an immense tent, closed on all sides from view. It contains the splendid funeral car, to which has been borne this morning the coffin containing all that is mortal of Arthur Duke of Wellington. His remains were brought last night, in a hearse, under military escort, and deposited in the Audience Chamber. The corpse of Nelson lay in the Captains' Room, at the Admiralty, on the night before his interment; and thus the twin buildings in Whitehall have given shelter, for the last time, to the inanimate remains of the heroes who lie side by side in their grand resting-place in St. Paul's.

The Queen's trumpeters arrive, much bedizened in gold lace. Their quaint velvet caps are covered with black crape, with which their instruments are also covered. They take up a position beside the tent, but they are show trumpeters, and will move off in their proper place in the procession, without giving us a taste of their quality.

The serried battalions before us are told to “stand at ease,” and hundreds set off in a run for the canteen. The greater part of the rest pour themselves into St. James's Park, and run about to warm themselves. They leave their muskets meanwhile piled in small triangular erections.

Morn is now breaking, and we can see that the roofs of the houses on Carlton-terrace, the windows, and the terraces over the Mall, are full of people. The same may be said of the Treasury, the Admiralty, and every other building looking upon the Park. The towers of Westminster Abbey are looming in the distance. The water-fowl are sailing upon the ornamental water, and the distant gas-lights are by degrees extinguished.

Day at last has broken, and the trees, the greensward, and the parade-ground seem alike saturated with the rain of the previous night. A carriage, with an escort of the Blues, approaches. It conveys the venerable Marquis of Anglesey, semi or in age to his gallant companion-in-arms, whose Field-Marshal's bâton he is to bear to-day in St. Paul's. Another arrival! It is the Duke of Cambridge, accompanied by a brilliant staff. His Royal Highness has the command of the whole of the troops employed to-day. A loud and hoarse voice is heard. “Fall in!” The bugles sound, and in an instant the parade-ground is jolted with, as it seems to us, isolated scarlet atoms, who, violently agitated, are flying to a common centre. It is a kaleidoscope of colours in active gyration—a concurrence of parti-coloured globules, which at length precipitate themselves into a row of black hats and scarlet coats.

The Duke of Cambridge, on a bay horse of the most perfect beauty, is now seen in full uniform in the middle of the parade-ground. He has a paper in his hand, and his aides-de-camp surround him to receive his directions. They are all well mounted. They wear splendid uniforms, and would make a fine picture. The Earl of Cardigan, on his left, has consented to serve as his acting Adjutant-General; and Lord de Ros, in the beautiful dark uniform of the 17th Lancers, who is leaning over towards the Duke to ask some question, gives life and grace to the circle.

An escort of Blues are coming down the Mall. They are followed by a string of Royal carriages, conveying the gallant and distinguished representatives of the Continental armies, from Mivart's Hotel, Russia, Spain, Portugal, Prussia, and the Netherlands, honour us by sending hither their chosen Generals.

The Duke of Cambridge has given his orders. The aides-de-camp and Lieut.-Colonels gallop across the parade to the battalions, and half-past seven is sounded. The sides of the great tent are slowly struck, and the troops have exposed to their view the huge funeral car, and the crimson coffin. A hoarse voice says something, and a dozen hoarse voices repeat it, at the risk of injury to lungs and oesophagus. Yet no one but a military man shall know, when the last cry has died away, that the rear rank are to take open order.

The officers and colours come to the front. We have now for the front line of each battalion a gallant array of captains, lieutenants, and ensigns, every one of whom wears a crape hatband, a heavy crape scarf, and crape round the arm. When the side of the tent is fairly struck, the word of command is given. “Present arms!” This is the last salute of honour that the illustrious commander will ever receive. “Reverse arms!” Every musket is reversed, the butt alone being exposed to view in front, and the handle of the sword. The soldier's grief is displayed by holding his arms so that they are useless and inefficient.

It now begins to be broad day, and we are conscious of a line of infantry soldiers, beginning within the inclosure in St. James's Park, opposite the Horse Guards, and stretching away through the trees towards Birdcage-walk. The eye cannot see any boundary mark in this direction where soldiers are not, so long is the line. They are the detachments from every regiment in Her Majesty's service, namely, an officer, a non-commissioned officer, and six men. In every clime under heaven, with a tropical sun and Polar snows, these brave fellows will recount the wondrous spectacle that awaits them, in their progress through this vast metropolis. On the right, we can make out squadrons of cavalry and horse artillery, extending along the Mall in St. James's Park as far as Buckingham Palace. The infantry before us will pass through these regiments of fine men and unrivalled steeds, and then the cavalry will follow them. We catch glimpses of nodding plumes through the trees, and if we get a gleam of sunshine we shall see flashing helmets and cuirasses.

Leaving over the parapet, we see a rank of Lieut.-Colonels and their assistant captains on horseback. The distribution of the banners—small banners of gayest colour, upon which the arms of the deceased flutter in the wind—now takes place. The Knights bannerol accompany the funeral car on either side.

A quarter to eight has struck. The powerful horses selected to draw the ponderous funeral car are three by three attached, by thick but ornamented traces. Each horse has a plume of feathers upon his head, and is heavily caparisoned with black velvet, having a white edging and fringe.

The state-carriage of the Speaker of the House of Commons has arrived. It is one of the few state coaches of a former century—a mass of carving, gilding, and painting—yet left to us. The Speaker is in his gold robe, and is attended by the Serjeant-at-Arms (Lord C. Russell), his chaplain, and trainbearer.

At a few minutes to eight, a piece of ordnance is fired in St. James's Park. It announces to the citizens that the ceremonial has indeed commenced. Another gun! A minute more, and then another! The fowl upon the water sail hither and thither, and some take wing, scared by the heavy reverberations and echoes which disturb the peace of the little lake. There are nineteen! It is the funeral salute of a Field-Marshal and Commander-in-Chief of the Forces.

At eight o'clock the public are admitted into the inclosure in St. James's Park: they are seen hurrying over the green sward and taking up positions along the railings, commanding a view of the parade and the Mall.

The troops are now moved into close order; and exactly as the clock strikes eight the fine band of the Rifle Brigade, which battalion was nearest Carlton-terrace, begins to play the “Dead March in Saul.” The Rifles then move off in sections, following their band; and when they are all seen in the line of route to Buckingham Palace, their dark uniforms seem admirably to fit them for commencing a funeral procession. Their arms reversed; their slow, measured step; and the sad and solemn music, affect the spirits of every spectator with a profound sadness.

The morning had been dull and lowering. As the clock struck nine the first gleam of sunshine burst forth to give omen of a brilliant day. How ardently it was welcomed, we need not say! In a few minutes the uniforms of the detachments from the various regiments were reflecting back the sun's rays; while the white houses on Carlton-terrace seemed bathed in sunshine.

Thursday was observed with more or less solemnity in the following towns:—Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Portsmouth, Southampton, Wolverhampton, Doncaster, Gloucester, Cheltenham, Worcester, Newbury, Henley, Reading, Nottingham, Shrewsbury, Ludlow, &c.



## THE LAST DREAM OF WELLINGTON.

Dying! leaving all his glory;  
Dying! going from the world;  
All his battle-armour rusty,  
All his battle-flags upfurled.

Dying! eyes that mocked the eagle's  
Glazing in eternal night:  
This the eye that saw advantage  
In the very wreck of fight?

This the thunder-bolt of battle,  
Gasping for a little breath;  
And the voice that roused all Europe  
Muttering in the dream of death?

In a dream of death, repeating  
This long life in one swift gleam,

From the follies of his boyhood  
To the instant of the dream.

And there comes a flash like sunshine  
On his brow and in his eye;  
'Tis a memory of his manhood  
From the burning Indian sky.

Backward, backward many a season;  
Many a long long year away;  
And the vortex of the battle  
Whirls around him at Assaye.

Then he stands upon the summit  
'Mid the Pyrenean snow,  
While the sulphurous flush of battle  
Comes up hotly from below.

And the eagle flies before him  
As from first to last she flew,  
Till he slays her in the sunset  
At avenging Waterloo.

Now he starts, he hears the thunder  
Of the shout and of the gun;  
Hears the tread of thousands marching,  
Measured as the tread of one.

Countless pass they in his dreaming,  
Never stops that heavy tread—  
Marching, marching on in myriads,  
With a spectre at their head.

On its panoply of battle  
Rust and mildew, mould'ring fall;

And it glides to martial music—  
Gliding, girded in a pall!

Truncheon held in fleshless fingers;  
War-plumes flapping on a skull:  
Hush! the misty music ceases,  
And the measured tread grows dull

And he sees his shadow vanish;  
Then he knows that all is o'er;  
Never shall he lead to battle—  
Never be the victor, more.

And the present, and the future,  
And the past, are all as one;  
And a mighty life is over,  
And a glorious race is run. G. S.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON WRITING  
THE DESPATCH AFTER WATERLOO.

THE above beautiful picture of the Duke seated in his quarters writing the despatch of the victory of Waterloo, was painted some years ago, by the Countess of Westmoreland. It is full of poetic interest. The expression of the Duke—an exceedingly good likeness—is subdued by an appearance of stern melancholy and lassitude, the natural effect of reaction on the system, even of the "Iron Duke," after one of the hardest-fought battles in modern history. A mean lamp glimmers over head; the background represents the room where the remains of Sir Alexander Gordon are lying; the cold morning light just breaking in upon the solemn scene. This picture was engraved in mezzotint by Bromley, and dedicated to the Marquis of Wellesley.

One of the three letters written by the Duke from the field was a brief note, which having enumerated some of the fallen, ended thus emphatically:—"I have escaped unhurt; the finger of Providence was on me." What the impulse was which dictated these extraordinary words, we leave to the opinion of those who read them. . . . When the dreadful fight was over, the Duke's feelings, so long kept at the highest tension, gave way, and, as he rode amid the groans of the wounded and the reeking carnage, and heard the rout of the vanquished and the shouts of the victors, fainter and fainter through the gloom of night, he wept, and soon after wrote the words just quoted from his letter.

*Wellington*  
*Waterloo, June 19 1815*

"THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON WRITING THE DESPATCH AFTER THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO."  
FROM A PICTURE BY THE COUNTESS OF WESTMORELAND.

Again: "My heart," he feelingly writes, "is broken by the terrible loss I have sustained in my old friends and companions, and my poor soldiers. Believe me, nothing, excepting a battle lost, can be half so melancholy as a battle won; the bravery of my troops has hitherto saved me from the greater evil; but to win such a battle as this of Waterloo, at the expense of so many gallant friends, could only be termed a heavy misfortune, but for the result to the public."

PANORAMA OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO,  
LEICESTER-SQUARE.

MR. BURFORD has very judiciously reproduced this excellent panorama,

which he correctly describes as "the finest historical painting of the great event." It was painted, he states, from drawings taken on the field of Waterloo immediately after the battle, and completed under the inspection and authority of the field and other officers then at head-quarters at Paris. On the occasion of its previous exhibition, the Duke of Wellington, it is said, frequently visited this picture, and always testified to its accuracy. The panorama is taken from the plateau in the rear of the farm of La Haye Sainte—the scene of the fiercest contentions, and near the road to Genappe. In the hollow on the left the Duke of Wellington's tree appears; and behind the hedge, the formation of the 5th division. Towards the east, the prospect is bounded by the woods near Frischermont; and towards the right, by the chateau and small wood of Hougomont, where the advanced post of the right centre of the British closely approximates the French line. The road to Nivelles from Brussels, Merke Braine, and Braine la Leude, are also conspicuous; as are also the opposite heights from right to left forming the position of the French army, with the house called La Belle Alliance. In the rear of the British is the village of Mont St. Jean. The harrowing details of the battle itself are, of course, not to be described, but witnessed. We regret that the canvas has in parts suffered damage, but the substantial merits of the pictures will command admiration, in spite of such accidental and inevitable drawbacks. As a tribute to the Duke of Wellington's memory, it will be warmly appreciated by the British public.



## "THE ARMY AND THE NAVY."

MEETING OF LORD NELSON AND THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON (WHEN COLONEL WELLESLEY) AT THE HORSE GUARDS.—SURROUNDED BY THE "DUKE'S BORDER."

THE fraternity of the "Army and Navy," in the persons of the two greatest heroes of either service, has been commemorated by Mr. J. P. Knight, in a picture founded upon the recorded circumstance of the only occasion when Nelson met with the Duke, when Colonel Wellesley, at one of the Government offices, we believe the Horse Guards. The occasion was in short no other than that of Nelson coming to ask for the services of the rising soldier; and report states that the latter having been sent for, had, out of official jealousy, been kept some time kicking his heels

in the ante-room, when Nelson came in; and mutual recognition taking place between them, the Admiral entered upon his business without waiting for formal introduction. The figures are represented standing; Nelson pointing to the map of the Mediterranean in further elucidation of the views he is propounding. This picture has been engraved in mezzotint by Reynolds. By permission of the artist, we present an Engraving of this fine work, carefully copied from the original picture.

It should be stated that Salter painted a very fine picture on the same subject, in which the heroes are represented seated at a table; and which was some years ago announced for publication by Mr. Moon; but Mr. Knight's picture being produced, as well as the engraving from it,

subsequently to Mr. Moon's announcement, the intention of the latter was for the time abandoned. Having seen the picture, however, we can speak to its very high artistic merit, and would express a hope that the original purpose to which it was destined may be yet carried out.

Mr. Cunningham, in his "Handbook of London," gives the following version of this story, we believe, upon the authority of an article in the *Quarterly Review*, by Mr. Croker:—"At the Colonial Office, in Downing-street, in a small ante-room on the right hand as you enter, the Duke of Wellington (then Sir Arthur Wellesley) and Lord Nelson, both waiting to see the Secretary of State, met—the only time in their lives. The Duke knew Nelson from the portraits of him; Lord Nelson did not



"THE ARMY AND THE NAVY."—MEETING OF LORD NELSON AND THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON (WHEN COLONEL WELLESLEY).—PAINTED BY J. P. KNIGHT.—WITH "THE DUKE'S BORDER."

know the Duke, but was so struck with his conversation that he stepped out of the room to inquire who he was."

The border to the above Engraving calls for a few words of explanation, connected as it is with interesting associations. In our Supplement of last week, and the present, we have given some rather discursive notices of Portraits and Sketches of the Duke, in the course of which we necessarily touched on the subject of Prints—a branch of art of which the Duke was a great admirer, and in which he purchased largely. That he was, in the main, contented with works of this class, may be easily understood, considering the practical tendencies of his thought. Accordingly, in his own retreat of Stratfieldsay, he stored his shelves, and covered his very walls with prints, chiefly of historical subjects, and of events of his own time. We understand that there is scarcely a battle-scene of his own fighting, or of the Great Napoleon's, or of any of the

Generals of either, nor a portrait of a distinguished brother in arms which is not to be found in this curiously-arranged collection. We say curiously-arranged, because it has been, indeed, arranged with the curious care of the gallant Duke himself, who had a method of his own in everything. Accordingly, we find that, whilst he valued his print-store for the facts they seemed to represent, so he would have them set forth as plainly as possible; but, above all things, upon a uniform plan. Two styles of framing only did his scheme admit of; the one a plain maple frame, flat on the surface, and very narrow, with the double view of saving room and material; the other a printed border, of a design of his own selecting, of which his print-sellers, Messrs. Graves, have in consequence always kept a stock on hand. Some—the crack subjects—the Duke would order into the maple wood; for others the printed paper border was considered good enough, and so equipped

they were ordered to do duty on the walls of Stratfieldsay. This love of order and uniformity was carried out with stern impartiality. His Grace's love of prints being well known, many presents of the kind were sent to him from abroad, from Princes, and from artists themselves, and generally these offerings came recommended, as was supposed, by frames of the most magnificent and expensive description. Short was their little day of glitter, however, after they had passed muster, and been received into "the service" of his Grace. The gaudy frames and trappings were at once ordered off, and cast away with the lumber, or became perquisites of the household; and then, after passing in review the engravings themselves, *in naturalibus*, the Duke promoted them to the "maple frame" or the "border" division, according to his estimation of their merits. Through the kindness of the Messrs. Graves, we have obtained a specimen of the "Duke's border," which, reduced one-half in width, we have caused to be placed round the above engraving



*MUSIC.*

The *Successor*, an East Indiaman, has recently been lost in the Madras Roads. Sixty-four persons were drowned.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

During the night of the 26th ult., there was such a tremendous hurricane at Athens, that one of the columns of the temple of Jupiter Olympus was thrown down.

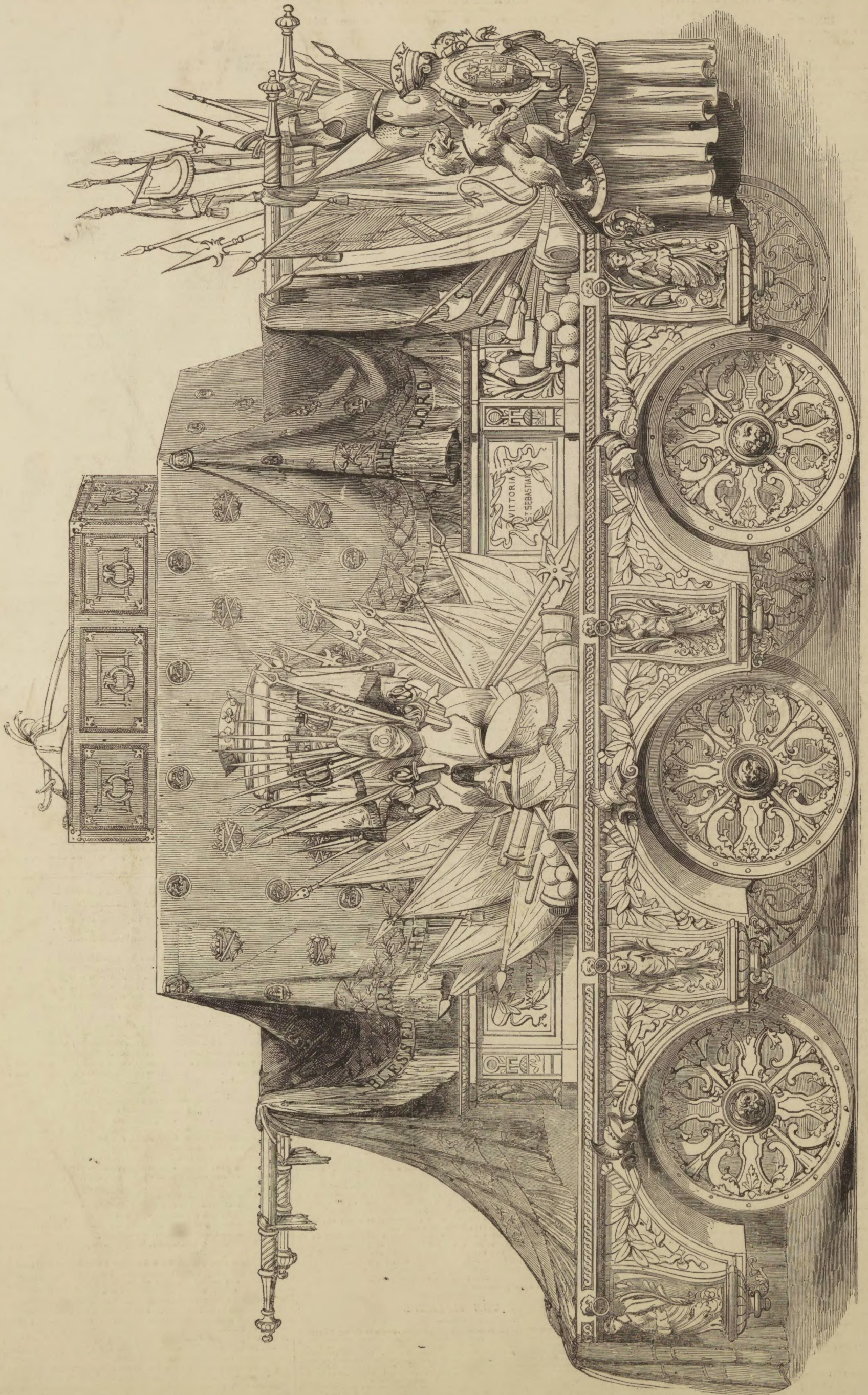
RAILWAY INTELLIGENCE.

THE LATE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—A SINGULAR WORK OF ART.—M. Touchs, of 15, Archer-street, Golden-square, has submitted to our notice very singular work of art, in the form of a drawing copied from Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of the Duke of Wellington, published in the Illustrated London News of the 13th of September. The peculiarity and originality of the work consists in its containing in the drawing itself the whole life of the Duke as it appeared in our Wellington Supplement of that day. In a word, the twenty-seven columns, entitled "Memoir of the Civil and Military Career of the Duke of Wellington," are all contained in this drawing; the best light cannot read the words, although they may be distinguished easily by means of a powerful microscope. This extraordinary work was performed with a metal pen, by the naked eye.









THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S FUNERAL CAR—(SEE PRECEDING PAGE.)  
(DRAWN ON THE WOOD, AT THE SCHOOL OF DESIGN, MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.)